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THE WORTH OF THE MAN!

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

BY CARL HEINZEN.

[Translated from *Der Pionier* for *The Commonwealth*, by JULIA A. SPRAGUE.]

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THE world is not yet clear over the point how far "the mass," "the common people" reaches, even because the world itself consists almost wholly of the "common people." What is "common"? what is "vulgar"? That which is not radical; whether it wear the crown, or worship the crown; whether it forces its fingers into kid gloves or dips them in the filth of the street; whether it glides along in muslin and rustles in silk, or covers itself in bearskins and rags. Only reason, which makes truth valuable for the interests of humanity, raises a people; and in its light nothing exists which speculates on the want of thought in the "masses," and for its worth needs the favor of the "masses." A man radically disposed, humanly thinking, uninfected by outward appearances, can never belong to the "vulgar," should he even wander homeless through the world and pillow his head on the stones of the street.

Radicalism recognizes no outward elevation of the worth of a man. It measures his worth only by his personal qualities and aims. Intellectual capability and moral merit are for it the sole grounds of recognition. It lifts its hat before no outward tokens if it cannot take it off before him who wears them. Also, radicalism does not deny ambition; but it judges it according to the worth of what it produces, and the character of those for whose applause it strives. It would be a senseless affectation to deny that in every man is innate the necessity of a favorable judgment of his person and his productions from his fellow-men. With simply his own consciousness of what he is, will and can be, a man must, in case of necessity, be satisfied without being misled or abandoning his course; but it were unnatural or hypocritical to overlook or repel the approbation of others whose judgement has a worth in itself, instead of finding in it a strength, an incitement, an encouragement, yes, even a reward. The decisive question is only this: For what purpose and from whom is this approbation accorded to him? And this is the question which decides over the justification of ambition in general.

Radicalism can only approve the ambition of him who, disdaining all outward assistance and additions, seeks recognition only for that which is inherent in the person himself who is striving, and only then when this, in and for itself, deserves recognition; and only there where the recognition proceeds from such as through their own worth confer real honor on the person thus recognized. True ambition disdains also not only that which is the aim of false ambition, but despises also its whole sphere of action. The radical can be grateful for no position and no title for which he cannot thank his own personality; he wishes no recognition which according to his conviction deserves none, and he does not wish it from those who are not capable or worthy of judging him.

If it were desired to afford an effectual opportunity for the satisfaction of true ambition in opposition to the false, then to all men should a title or an order be given; the highest to the worst and most stupid; and the distinction of the wisest and best would be effected by solemnly freeing them from their titles and orders and restoring to them their simple family name. The highest honor would then consist in allowing a citizen who had been degraded to President, Minister, General, etc., etc., to be advanced to that which among men is the highest honor of this world, namely, to be a man!

THE PRESS.

THE Democratic Platform is thus commented on by *The Tribune*:

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The Republican party, to the extent of its power, has been guilty of the crime of *not* putting that portion of the Southern people who prayed and fought for the Union in our late struggle under the feet of those who cursed it and fought to overthrow it. That is the gist of the offense for which it is arraigned, defamed, belabored and befouled, in the platform yesterday adopted by the Democratic National Convention and herewith presented to our readers. "Though you paint an inch thick, to this complexion you come at last." The slave-holders revolted and tried to break up the Union; the Republicans broke their power by destroying slavery, and thus re-established the Union. All the talk of arbitrary arrests, suspension of habeas corpus, overthrow of trial by jury, etc., etc., amounts to just this. We might have saved slavery and sacrificed the Union; we sacrificed slavery and saved the Union; hence we are hated and pelted with "railing accusations" by the rebels and rebel sympatizers who ratified and cheered counselor Murphy's platform yesterday in Tammany Hall.

"Hypocrisy is the tribute Vice pays to Virtue." A few years ago, these gentlemen were denouncing our emancipation and negro-arming as our giant usurpations. A few years before that, "coercion" was our great crime; we had destroyed the Constitution by refusing to let the slave power overthrow it. When we struck back at slavery, *that* was our unpardonable sin; now, they have not a word to say against Abolition; they dare not even demonstrate openly against negro suffrage and squarely assert their baseless dogma that "This is a White Man's Government;" they are constrained by prudence to rail against the bugbear of "Negro Supremacy." And their flight from the field whereon they first confronted us is not yet arrested.

This platform ostentatiously beats the air. It denounces military rule, when the department commanders are quietly turning over their authority to the Governors and Legislatures chosen by the people, and announcing their power at an end. It calls for the withdrawal of the Freedmen's Bureau, when Congress has provided, or is providing, for the closing of that Bureau in each State so soon as its machinery of loyal self-government shall have been put fairly in motion. The platform seems anxious to atone, by the vehemence wherewith it denounces whatever has passed or is passing away, for its cowardly equivocations and subterfuges with regard to tangible and living issues.

"Shall the Southern Blacks, enfranchised by Congress be disfranchised? Is the colored minority of our people to be recognized as entitled to a voice in the government which they, like the rest of us, must support and obey? Are the reconstruction acts, and the State governments based upon them, to be treated as nullities, in case the Democrats elect their President next fall? Are the whites of the South to be upheld in subverting those governments, and establishing exclusive white rule in their stead?" These are the paramount questions of the hour. Has the Democratic Convention answered them in the affirmative or the negative? Read and judge! The plain *intent* is to have them understood in opposite senses, according to the bias of the reader. *We* have no doubt that, if the Democrats triumph, the new State governments will be subverted and the Blacks disfranchised; but many will hold the opposite view, and the Convention meant to satisfy each side and be in position to cheat either.

The *World*, discussing that portion of the platform which refers to the negro question, says:

THE PLATFORM.

* * * * * That part of the platform which relates to the elective franchise and negro supremacy is also sound in doctrine, and practically judicious. Readers of the platform will please to observe that it consists of two distinct parts, with a dividing line clearly drawn in the middle. The first part comprises reforms demanded and promised by the Democratic party; the second part is an arraignment of the Republican party for its monstrous abuses and usurpations of power. The first part points out what the Democratic party propose to do in the future; the second part recalls what they blame and denounce in the past. The transition from the first to the second part of the platform is made in these words: "In demanding these measures and reforms we arraign the Radical party for its disregard of right, and the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked its career"—then follows a long arraignment. The first part of the platform turns its face to the future, the second to the past; that is, the first part is practical, the second historical. We will first examine what the party proposes to *do* on the subject of suffrage, and then proceed to consider what it merely *denounces*.

All that the Democratic party promise to do in relation to negro supremacy is comprised in these words—"The reduction of the standing army, and navy, the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau, and all political instrumentalities designed to secure negro supremacy." The Freedmen's Bureau, and with the army to back it, is a tremendous electioneering machine intended to control the negro vote. When it is abolished, the negro vote will fall under the control of the white citizens of the South, and there will then be no difficulty in carrying all the Southern States for the Democratic party. The platform promises to smash the political machine called the Freedmen's Bureau and all other Federal agencies for controlling the Southern elections—but beyond this it wisely promises nothing in relation to negro suffrage. It promises that the Federal Government shall not interfere to cajole the negroes into voting against the interests of their section, and trusts to the natural ascendancy of white intelligence to accomplish whatever else may be deemed expedient. In this matter, the platform is equally wise in what it promises and in what it abstains from promising.

Turning to the past, the platform denounces, as they deserve, the so-called Reconstruction acts of Congress, declaring them "usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." Such they certainly are, and such they would have been adjudged by the Supreme Court, if that tribunal had not quailed before Congress and postponed its judgment in the McArdle case until next December. But before December those acts will have expired by their own limitation. Negro suffrage will indeed remain; but the negroes will vote in pursuance of the new State constitutions and not of the acts of Congress. How negro voting shall then be dealt with is a question for the States, and the platform, with perfect good sense, refrains from intruding any advice on the subject. It asserts, with vigorous emphasis, the rightful control of each State over the elective franchise therein; but while indignantly rebuking the usurpation of Congress, it leaves to the individual States the mode and measure of redress.

The *Evening Post* makes the following comment:

THEY LEARN NOTHING.

Four years ago people were greatly amused by finding the democratic platform—which declared the war a failure, and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities—printed in many of the country papers on the same page with reports of the capture of Atlanta by Sherman.

The year before that, Mr. Seymour, of this State, distinguished himself by a dolorous Fourth-of-July oration in this city, in which he warned his hearers that we could not afford to carry on the war any longer—that we could never beat the rebels. But while he was speaking Vicksburg was surrendered to Grant, and Lee was beginning to fly from Meade at Gettysburg; and Seymour's speech was accompanied in the next day's papers with a gloss most unwelcome to him and those who thought with him.

A number of experiences of this kind ought to have warned the democratic leaders not to attempt prophecy. Their strength does not lie in that direction; events appear to have a spite against them. It would be difficult to imagine anything more inappropriate than General Sherman's capture of Atlanta just after the democratic convention had solemnly declared the war a failure, and demanded immediate cessation of hostilities; but the circumstances under which the democratic platform appears this morning are not more fortunate.

The platform denounces the Freedman's Bureau and demands its abolition; but Congress had already passed an act discontinuing the Bureau, which became a law yesterday; and General Howard gives notice in the same papers in which the democratic platform is printed, that the Bureau has ceased in South Carolina, and that he is rapidly winding up its affairs in the other states.

We read in the platform a demand for the immediate restoration of all the states; and turning from this passage to another column of the papers, read that while all are restored but four—South Carolina, Virgina, Mississippi and Texas—South Carolina has just adopted the amendment, and will doubtless be represented in Congress within the week. But we read also in the platform that the acts of reconstruction are "void," which means that the democrats, if they succeed, will at once destroy all that has been done, and put us back again to 1865. This is a promise which will hardly delight a people who have grown tired of the long reconstruction squabble. To re-open this question, now settled in all but three states, would be a calamity to the country—but that is what the platform threatens.

The *Times* says:

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The platform adopted by the Democratic Convention is a strange mixture of fact and fustian, of courage and duplicity, of propositions that are lucid and propositions that are muddy. It is bold to the verge of rashness in regard to finances, equivocal in its allusions to reconstruction, confused in its expositions of fiscal and administrative reforms, diffuse and turgid in its arraignment of the ruling party. It is the work, apparently, of different hands—one having the nerve inspired by clear and strong conviction, another accustomed to manipulate the commonplaces of partisan confessions of faith, and a third crippled and weak under a burden of words through which we search vainly for precision or fairness.

* * * * * *

In the treatment of the reconstruction question, trickery comes into full play. The platform ignores results which change the aspect of the whole case. It demands "the regulation of the elective franchise in the States by their citizens"—oblivious of the fact that Congressional reconstruction provides this very thing. It complains of "negro supremacy," but utters not a syllable concerning the doctrine of white men's government. It calls, indeed, for the "immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union;" but whether this means acquiescence in accomplished facts, as sensibly taught by the *World*, or the violent overthrow of the new governments, as foolishly advised by Frank Blair, every Democratic expounder is left to decide for himself. If deception constituted adroitness, we should say that these features of the platform are adroitly outlined. In truth, however, they are intentionally confused. Moderate or Extremist—Chase man or Copperhead—*World* submissionist or Blair revolutionist—all may interpret these propositions and assertions to their entire satisfaction. They will experience disappointment and disgust who believe that a great party, entering on a great struggle, should refuse to fight under false colors. This want of distinctness in the platform exposes those who stand upon it to the charge of fomenting serious trouble. If they were sincerely for peace, they would not be ashamed to say so. Their duplicity convicts them of designs they dare not avow.

The declarations touching economy, a reduction of army and navy expenditures, reform of the system of taxation and cognate topics are in themselves unobjectionable. They are neither better nor worse than corresponding declarations of the Republican Convention, except in the manner of statement, which is decidedly worse. In the sixth resolution, too, there is a suggestion as to "incidental protection to domestic manufactures" which must have sounded oddly to many ears. It is a bit of rational Republicanism which makes tolerable an otherwise stupid resolution.

The Convention compliments President Johnson, patronizes Chief Justice Chase, rails at the extravagance and centralizing tendencies of Congress, objects to measures which Congress has already terminated, pleads for the supremacy of civil government, denounces military rule and the arbitrary acts which have occasionally attended it, and—bounding from the sublime to the ridiculous—builds on Woolley's grievances a story of outrage and wrong.

On all but the financial questions, then, the platform is Janus-faced. It lacks clearness, directness, and the force which springs from positive ideas, rather than from phrases not dextrously chosen. It is altogether, the reflex of demagogueism instead of statesmanship, and is not calculated to inspire confidence in the capacity of the Democratic party to satisfy the urgent wants of the country.

The following is a *Herald* view of the situation. It says:

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AND THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Apparently the members of the National Democratic Convention, even the intelligent minority, have very vague notion of the condition of the country, and but little understanding of the state of facts that led to their presence here and gives peculiar significance to what they propose to do. Mr. Belmont, the temporary chairman, made a welcoming speech to the delegates the other day that was happily sympathetic with the prevailing thought; and this speech recalls an incident that happened in the Court of France just after the restoration, when the Bourbons, like the Democrats, came home to power at the close of a great war. The Bourbons had a functionary, as this Democratic Convention had, and the two were alike in their peculiar courtly ignorance. It happened to the court functionary that in going over the papers of the palaces—lists, rolls and other documents—in the course of his duties he came often to the name of Bonaparte and sometimes to that of the Napoleon, and, quite mystified by the frequent recurrence of the names, he was put to the necessity of inquiring who these fellows, Napoleon and Bonaparte, were. He had never heard of the Revolution or the empire or the bloody wars, and could not consent to know that the Bourbons had not always held power. Judging by Belmont's speech, the same intellectual condition prevails with the Democratic Bourbons. They have not heard of any great changes—of any revolution or any war—but twaddle on in the same arrogant self-sufficiency and willful blindness as if the Nation had not four years ago repudiated them absolutely for these very vices, and would take into confidence again the galvanized remnant of that old ruin, the Democratic party of the past, as if it would give power to any party not fresh from the inspirations and impulses of the Nation—not vital with the thoughts consonant of the time, that thrill in the brain of the people.

The first fact, then, is that there has been a great war, waged on one hand for the destruction of the Nation, on the other hand to defend and save it, and so far as the majority of mere party leaders go the "Democrats" were on the wrong side. They were against the people and against the country. They made the war; for the South, the aristocratic section of the country, was the Democratic party; and that fact itself was a sufficient sign that the name was a cheat. Certain Northern Democrats adhered to the Southern ones. They were the narrow-minded fellows who could not live out of the party groove and never saw more than a party struggle in the war, or they were men who had lived in office and had all to fear and nothing to hope from any change. These were the peace Democrats. But aside from these Northern barnacles and Southern "Democrats," the whole Democratic masses, the whole people of the North arose to the defence of the country, and it was saved by this spontaneous action of the people, without regard to party. In thus crushing the rebellion what did the people put down? Not the South merely, but the Democratic party. From whom did they save the country? From the Democrats; from that so-called Democratic party that lived on the traditions of another age and covered its own rottenness with the names of Jefferson and Jackson, the party that had imperceptibly floated away from all Democratic principles and was the very negative of democracy, the party of Jeff. Davis and James Buchanan, Yancey, Belmont, Breckinridge, Ben. Butler and the Northern peace men. This, then, is, in simple words, just what the country did; it arose and put down in many bloody battles that arrogant, selfish, narrow-minded coterie of aristocratic leaders who called themselves the Democratic party—men who had deceived and cheated the Nation and who now raise their heads in this Tammany Convention and claim to rule it. Will the people trust or tolerate in power the party they put down at such cost, coming now and impudently declaring that it never was put down? Will they give the government into the hands of the party from which it was saved at such expense in the very hour in which that party boasts and declares that its principles and its thoughts and its purposes have undergone no change, and seen no reason for change in these years?

We know that it will not; for the experiment has been tried. It was tried in this State. The population of this Empire State, in the cities and in the country, with its high average of intelligence and freedom from sectional prejudices, is naturally democratic in the right sense of the word, and always acts by preference with the party that stands on a liberal Democratic platform; but not bigoted, not blindly devoted to mere shibboleth and party names. It never hesitates to abandon any organization which forgets that its power is derived from the people. When it was a question, therefore, between party organization and the safety of the govenment, the people cast aside that rotten party and went for the war with unanimous enthusiasm; but they did not lose their democratic instincts, and in the very midst of the war, when the Democratic managers presented an unequivocal war platform and presented their candidate squarely on that issue, the people sustained them, as if eager to vindicate their fame and prove that they had only gone with the Republicans because that party, for the time, held the true ground that a National Democracy must stand upon—the maintenance of the constitution, the government and the laws. But the Democratic leaders, purblind, resolved on self-deceit, saw in this act of the people a tendency to give the government up, and they abandoned their war platform and in the next canvass came forward with those offensive peace principles that involved the surrender of all the rights of the Northern people. They were beaten, for the people were true to themselves, and once more the State was lost to the Democrats. And this little piece of the history of our State indicates the temper of the whole American people. Democratic with an honest democracy, they will rather give their suffrages to the other side than to a party that insults and outrages them by putting forth as theirs, priciples that they repudiate and abhor. Can the party managers never understand this?

Why is it to-day deemed even possible that the candidate of a democratic convention may win? Simply because the republican party has abandoned its war platform and national principles to follow the maniac notions of some zealots, and because the people, fearful of those zealots, want to see a return to those national principles that made the war platforms of the Republican party. Can they hope for such a return at the hands of a party whose every utterance starts from an assumption that there has been no war? And will they, knowing they can hope for no such a return, accept such a party? The Northern people are the political quantity on which parties must count, and these are disposed to build the fabric of the future on the thirteenth amendment, that abolishes slavery, and the fourteenth, that gives the States power in regard to suffrage. These recognize the war and start from an acceptance of its results, and they are the anchors of the democratic masses from which nothing can drag them: and to these ingulfs the politicians must come. Republican leaders have repudiated the best of these—the fourteenth amendment. They have made reconstruction laws that conflict with it, have tried to bully the people out of their convictions and have endeavored to make a new revolution to cover their nefarious purpose. Because they have abandoned these principles the people have abandoned them, and now look to the democracy for a remedy. But will they permit the democracy to ignore what they punish the Republicans for abandoning? It is folly to suppose this. Party platforms amount to little; they are made and broken equally at will; but the people will judge this Convention and the promise of a revived democracy by the candidate that is named.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF GEORGE W. ASHBURN.

[From the New York Tribune].

ATLANTA, June 30th, 1868.

THE Military Commission, of which Brig-Gen. Caleb C. Sibley is President, assembled at McPherson Barracks, Atlanta, Ga., on the 29th of June, and proceeded with the trial of Elisha J. Kirkscey, Columbus C. Bedell, James W. Barber, William A. Duke, Robert Hudson, William D. Chipley, Alva C. Roper, James L. Wiggins, Robert A. Wood, Henry Hennis, Herbert W. Blair, and Milton Malone for the murder of George W. Ashburn on the 31st day of March last.

Gen. Dunn, Judge-Advocate, was assisted in the prosecution by the Hon Ex-Gov. Brown and Capt. Smyth, U. S. A., while a formidable array of legal talent was employed for the defense—Rebel Gen. Girtsell, now of the Atlanta Bar; Martin J. Crawford, formerly a member of Congress, and the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

Great excitement exists in the South in regard to this trial, and news items from Washington papers thus add fuel to the flame, for it seems as if systematic attempts were made to mislead the public mind in regard to the fearful state of affairs existing at the South.

WASHINGTON, June 27th, 1868.

Col. Lamar, who has been here and at New York in the interest of the Columbus prisoners, leaves homeward to-night. Prominent lawyers in New York have volunteered to defend the prisoners. The President's special agent to investigate the matter is an officer, and brother of Gen. Schofield. The President told Grant that, unless he moved promptly in the matter affecting the Columbus prisoners, the President would act himself.

The stories in regard to the cruel treatment of the prisoners are false and unfounded. The prisoners have signed a voluntary statement, setting forth among other things that their treatment has been and is all that they could desire. In regard to the theory advanced that in view of the respectability of the prisoners and the positive certainty that there was nothing worthy the name of testimony against them, it is best answered by the fact that Col. Schofield, who attended the trial, with, it is supposed, plenary powers, left for Washington at once, after listening to a portion of the testimony—the case proceeding as usual without interruption.

In order that the *Tribune* readers may more readily understand the developments that will be made on the trial, let us simply recapitulate the facts preceding and connected with Ashburn's murder.

Ashburn was a member of the Georgia Constitutional Convention of last winter, returned from Muscogee County. He was a thoroughly Southern man—Southern by birth, residence, and education. But he was also a firm Union man, and in 1861 and 1862 his devotion to the cause led him to a rebel prison. He was the unflinching and constant friend of the poor freedmen, and their confidence in him was in the just proportion of his devotion to them. "The d—d scallawag has unbounded influence with the niggers, and should be got rid of," was the remark heard more than once last winter in the streets of Columbus. A large, tall man, with countenance serious to sternness, and beard and hair of iron gray, you might have imagined him strayed from the Puritan Parliament into the Georgia Convention. He was noted for his application, industry, steady attention, and enthusiastic energy. Although he had suffered insult and contumely at the hands of the rebels, one of the last acts of his life was to offer a resolution in the Convention to remove all disabilities incurred by the rebellion. He was threatened with death, through anonymous letters, if he returned to Columbus, and it is said he lingered in Atlanta before going back.

Driven from every hotel in Columbus he sought refuge in a small tenement occupied by one Hannah Flourney, a mulatto woman. The house is small, with but three rooms en suite, and he occupied the third from the street. One hour after midnight on the 30th of March last, a band of some forty men came to the house. As many as could, all armed with pistols, entered the house. They were "well dressed gentlemen, wore masks, and were smutted," says one witness. "They were nice, dandy young gentlemen, belonging to Columbus," says another. They rushed through the house, broke down Ashburn's door, and with an imprecation or two began shooting him. Fourteen pistol shots were fired. "One man got down on his knees and shot through the legs of the table."

The Col. Lamar mentioned in the dispatches is editor of *The Columbus Sun and Times*. Here is his account of the murder, published April 1st:

"Yesterday morning the city was startled by the intelligence that G. W. Ashburn, a notorious Radical adventurer, and one who hoped by the aid of scalawags and negroes to reach the United States Senatorship from Georgia, had been murdered on the previous night. The man was thoroughly detested; every white person had a most profound contempt for him, socially and politically; yet indignation was incited in the public mind that such a foul blot should be cast upon the fame of our city. That respectable white men should as a body plan murder, was incredible, and the suggestion was cast aside as unworthy of credence for a second. Suspicions clearly point to the Radical clique, who thus endeavor to injure quiet citizens. They hated him most cordially. We'll venture confidently the assertion that not a respectable white man in Columbus was engaged in the affair."

The Sun thus describes Ashburn's appearance as he lay dead:

"He had on only a black overcoat and an undershirt. A bloody sheet had been thrown over the body. The wounds were still bleeding. The face was quiet, and placid—wearing, however, a bitter, hateful expression even in death. Between the brows was clotted gore, over the pistol-ball hole that had caused his death. Blood was gathered in little puddles around the body. There were only three wounds in the body. The coat had been pierced by eight pistol-balls. Indentations of balls were found—one in the bed and a number in the wall. Four revolver-balls were picked up. The face of the dead was covered with a short, grizzly beard."

It appears that Dr. Elisha J. Kirkscey, one of the prisoners charged with the murder, was present at the coroner's inquest, assisted at the autopsy, and gave the following certificate:

COLUMBUS, GA., March 31st, 1868.

To the Coroner and Jury.

GENTLEMEN: As county physician, having been called in to examine the body of G. W. Ashburn, I found the body presenting three wounds, caused by shots from firearms, supposed to be pistols. One in the centre of the forehead between the brows, ranging downward and backward, which, in my opinion, was the direct cause of his death. Two other wounds likewise appearing shot from pistols—one in the lower part of the *nates*, ranging upward toward the *sacrum*, making a wound about three inches long, and the other in the left leg, just above the ankle joint, ranging outward and upward, appearing on the outside of the leg midway between the knee and ankle. The direction of this ball indicated the deceased had been shot after he had fallen. Only the shot in the forehead could have proved fatal, as he was lying as he must have fallen, the blood stains being all in one place. The body appeared much congested, and death must have been immediate after receiving the shot in the forehead. Respectfully yours, etc., E. J. KIRKSCEY.

We sincerely trust that Dr. Kirkscey will be able to make it appear that such coolness is the coolness of innocence.

The amount of indignation and horror of the Atlanta assassination expressed by the Georgia Radical papers was neither very deep nor very energetic. Here are two specimens in a single extract from a Milledgeville paper:

G. W. Ashburn of Columbus, a rather notorious Africanized Georgian, and a late delegate to the Mulatto Convention, who rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious, was killed on Monday night, the 30th ult., by parties unknown. They (the number some ten or fifteen), went to his room about 12 o'clock at night and broke it open, and shot him three times; the shot in the forehead was the mortal wound. At the inquest no one clue was given as to the parties. The Columbus papers deny that any of the good citizens of that place had a hand in it. Some think he was killed by members of the Radical party, for an object. But all is wrapped in mystery.

The Sun says:

On Tuesday morning the city was startled by the intelligence that G. W. Ashburn, a notorious Radical adventurer, and one who hoped by the aid of scalawags and negroes to reach the United States Senatorship from Georgia, had been murdered on the previous night. The man was thoroughly detested; every white person had a most profound contempt for him, socially and politically; yet indignation was incited in the public mind that such a foul blot should be cast upon the fame of the city. That respectable white men should as a body plan murder was incredible, and the suggestion was cast aside as unworthy of credence for a second. Suspicions clearly point to the Radical clique who thus endeavor to injure quiet citizens. They hated him most cordially. We'll venture confidently the assertion that not a respectable white man in Columbus was engaged in the affair.

Quite sufficient. You see he was a scalawag, and that, after all, it was most probably the Radicals who killed him.

But surely in a city of 30,000 inhabitants, well provided with all the life and property saving paraphernalia of Mayor, Alderman, Marshal, police, and watchmen, such a murder committed by a party of fifty men, says one witness, could not long go undiscovered, for all these men gather from fifty different houses to one spot on a clear, pleasant night, band together, consult, march, break open doors, and amid curses, pistol firing, and women's shrieks, kill a man, and then return with pistols, openly each the way he came, unseen, unheard, unnoticed of police or watchmen.

Surely 'twere strange if it were so!

Yes, the combined police and municipality were unable to detect, or even suspect any one of murdering Ashburn, except, indeed the d—d Radicals, and it was not convenient to accuse any particular one among them.

The prisoners on trial are respectable in appearance, and most of them of the best social position where they reside.

They will have a fair trial, and if they are innocent, God speed their acquittal.

MORE ANON.

SECOND DAY.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 30th, 1868.

HENRY HENNINS, Herbert W. Blair, and Milton Malone, whose names appear in the charge and specifications as charged with the murder, are not present, for the reason that they are not in custody. Hennins was arrested in Columbus, but on pretext of changing his clothes was allowed by the guard to go into a back room for that purpose, and immediately made his escape. Blair and Malone had satisfied themselves before arrests were made that Columbus was fast becoming insalubrious for them, and took *la clef des champs*. Before proceeding with an account of the trial, it may be as well to give here, for full reply to a great deal of loose talk about tyranny, cruelty, and inhumanity, copies of certificates voluntarily made by all the prisoners in custody:

MCPHERSON BARRACKS, ATLANTA, June 26th, 1868.

To all whom it may concern, greeting:

This is to certify that during my confinement in the cells of these barracks the officers and soldiers have been universally kind. H. C. Whitney, the United States Agent has treated me very kindly indeed, showing me all the respect due from one gentleman to another, and in all his visits to me in the cell I have found him to have the bearing of a gentleman. As to his treatment of my fellow-prisoners, so far as my personal knowledge goes he has likewise treated them well. But as to my confinement in these hot cells, I protest in the name of humanity, and I know of no crime against either civil or military law that I am guilty of, and only wait a fair and impartial trial to prove my innocence of any crime whatever. E. S. KIRKSCEY, M. D.

We, the undersigned prisoners confined in McPherson Barracks, fully concur and indorse the within statement of our fellow-prisoner, Dr. E. S. Kirkscey, and with him protest against our confinement, being guilty of no crime against any law or land.

A. C. ROPER, R. A. WOOD, W. J. CASH,
C. C. BEDELL, JAMES L. WIGGINS, W. A. DUKE,
J. W. LAWRENCE, JAMES W. BARBER, W. D. CHIPLEY,
ROBT. J. HUDSON.

So far as treatment is concerned, we, the undersigned, fully concur in the within-named statement.

A. G. BENNET, WADE H. STEPHENS,
GEORGE. J. BETZ, CH'S. MARSHALL.

The hot cells referred to in Dr. Kirkscey's statement, are comfortable rooms above ground, ten feet in length by six feet in breath, with a full height of twelve feet. The month of June in Georgia is not a cool month, and if there was a cell or cellar in the entire barracks it would be more pleasant in temperature than the quarters of any officer in it. But there are no cellars nor excavations of any description; the buildings are all erected on raised piles or pillars of brick, some four feet above the ground. The rooms occupied by these prisoners are a palace compared with any county jail in Georgia, and are better than those occupied by fully half the white people of Georgia. Complaints such as have been made, even if true, come with wretched grace from the people who had Andersonville among them. On resumption of the trial this morning, a plea of not guilty was put in for all the prisoners, reserving questions of jurisdiction, &c.

Charles Marshall was the first witness called. He is a young man, intelligent and respectable in appearance, of pleasing aspect, clear black eye and black mustache. Being duly sworn, he states, substantially, in answer to the various interrogatories: I am twenty-seven years of age; sergeant of Company G, 16th Regiment, U. S. Infatry; have been in service since 1861; in Columbus a year; was orderly-sergeant but was reduced to duty sergeant in April; knew Ashburn; was present at his death; he died a violent death on 30th March, 1868, at Columbus; was induced to take part by Dr. Kirkscey (pointed out Dr. K.); about three weeks before the occurrence met Dr. K. on Broad street; Dr. K. said there was going to be a party to put Ashburn out of the way; asked me to be of it; Dr. K. said it would never do me any harm; that when I left the service I could come and live in Columbus, and it would be all right; met Dr. K. again about three days before the murder; told me the thing would come off soon; that he would give me notice, and would furnish me "the rig" I needed; the day of occurrence I received a package wrapped in brown paper, brought me by a black boy; found it to contain a mask and a written notice that the affair was to come off that night, and appointing place of meeting; I went at the appointed time; midnight; first man I met was Hennis, who gave me an English walking coat, which I put on over my blouse; had on black pants and a slouched hat; from twenty to thirty were assembled in an open lot opposite the Perry House, about 200 yards from Ashburn's; we started for the house; knocked at front door; were asked "Who's there?" answered Mary Tillinghast; we were told that the door would not be opened at that time of night; threatened to break door down; told to break away, which we did; went in; passed through first and second rooms; knocked at door of third room; which was Ashburn's room; he asked, "Who comes there?" and opened the door and stepped back. As soon as the door opened, commenced firing, and Ashburn fell; fired from ten to fifteen shots. Then Hudson advanced and stooped down so as to fire at him under the table. The party in the door of his room were Barber, Duke, Hudson, myself, and, I think, Betz. They all fired; Kirkscey and Bedell were in second room; Malone also. Bedell and Kirkscey came to the door and looked at Ashburn. Some one said "Come boys, let's go. We were there no time.

In answer to the question, What induced you to take part in this affair? he answered: Many and various associations. I always had it instilled into my mind in Columbus that Ashburn was better out than in the country. By associations I mean people in town—Columbus. All my companions were outside of my company. I attended very little to my duty as I manning order, and advised others to do the same. I could have done right instead of wrong. I am a Democrat. Have received presents of value in Columbus—a gold watch and chain worth from $300 to $400. They were handed me by one Ingmeier, a clerk of a jewelry store, at night, on the 24th of April, in the street, in front of the Presbyterian Church. Barker and Gunby told me I would receive a present before I got the watch. Wilkins, Mayor of the city, lent me $100; he took neither note nor security.

Cross-examination—Had a personal difficulty with Ashburn; struck him; I was drunk that day; threatened once to kill him; I was active at the election on the Democratic side, opposing adoption of the Constitution; I co-operated with all these parties—(points out prisoners).

Question by Counsel for defense—Was not Major Wilkins an opponent of the Constitution, and did not the opponents of that measure express sympathy with you because of the treatment you had received for the course you took? Answer: I suppose so.

And then, to the surprise of all present, the defense put Marshall this question: "Do you not know that the money which Mayor Wilkins let you have was raised by contributions among the people?" *Ans*—I do not know. Case to be continued to-morrow. Marshall's manner of giving in his testimony indicates sincerity, and makes the case open badly for the prisoners.

THE TWO PLATFORMS.

WE lay before our readers the platforms which the two great parties have put forth for the struggle which will culminate in the next Presidential election. The Democratic platform was adopted by their National Convention in this city, on the 7th inst.; that of the Republicans by their Convention in Chicago on the 21st of May last. They are respectively as follows:

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The Democratic party, in National Convention assembled, reposing its trust in the intelligence, patriotism, and discriminating justice of the people, standing upon the Constitution as the foundation and limitation of the powers of the Government, and the guaranty of the liberties of the citizen, and recognizing the questions of slavery and secession as having been settled for all time to come by the war, or the voluntary action of the Southern States, in Constitutional Convention assembled, and never to be renewed or reagitated, do, with the return of peace, demand:

I. Immediate restoration of all the States to their rights in the Union under the Constitution, and of civil government to the American people.

II. Amnesty for all past political offences, and the regulation of the elective franchise in the States by their citizens.

III. Payment of the public debt of the United States as rapidly as practicable; all moneys drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the the necessities of the Government economically administered, being honestly applied to such payment, and, where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide that they shall be paid in coin, they ought, in right and in justice be paid in the lawful money of the United States.

IV. Equal taxation of every species of property according to its real value, including government bonds and other public securities.

V. One currency for the government and the people, the laborer and the officeholder, the pensioner and the soldier, the producer and the bondholder.

VI. Economy in the administration of the government; the reduction of the standing army and navy; the abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau, and all political instrumentalities designed to secure negro supremacy; simplification of the system, and discontinuance of inquisitorial modes of assessing and collecting internal revenue, so that the burden of taxation may be equalized and lessened, the credit of the government and the currency made good; the repeal of all enactments enrolling the State Militia into national forces in time of peace; and a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports, and such equal taxation under the Internal Revenue laws as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and as will, without impairing the revenue, impose the least burden upon and best promote and encourage the great industrial interests of the country.

VII. Reform of abuses in the administration, the expulsion of corrupt men from office, the abrogation of useless offices, the restoration of rightful authority to and the independence of the Executive and Judicial Departments of the government, the subordination of the military to the civil power, to the end that the usurpations of Congress and the despotism of the sword may cease.

VIII. Equal rights and protection for naturalized and native-born citizens at home and abroad; the assertion of American nationality which shall command the respect of foreign powers, and furnish an example and encouragement to people struggling for national integrity, constitutional liberty, and individual rights; and the maintenance of the rights of naturalized citizens against the absolute doctrine of immutable allegiance and the claims of foreign powers to punish them for alleged crime committed beyond their jurisdiction.

In demanding these measures and reforms, we arraign the Radical party for its disregard of right and the unparalleled oppression and tyranny which have marked its career.

After the most solemn and unanimous pledge of both Houses of Congress to prosecute the war exclusively for the maintenance of the government and the preservation of the Union under the Constitution, it has repeatedly violated that most sacred pledge, under which alone was rallied that noble volunteer army which carried our flag to victory.

Instead of restoring the Union, it has, so far as is in its power, dissolved it, and subjected ten States, in time of profound peace, to military despotism and negro supremacy. It has nullified there the right of trial by jury; it has abolished the habeas corpus, that most sacred writ of liberty; it has overthrown the freedom of speech and the press; it has substituted arbitrary seizures and arrests, and military trials and secret star-chamber inquisitions, for the constitutional tribunals; it has disregarded in time of peace the right of the people to be free from searches and seizures; it has entered the post and telegraph offices, and even the private rooms of individuals, and seized their private papers and letters, without any specific charge or notice of affidavit, as required by the organic law; it has converted the American Capitol into a Bastile; it has established a system of spies and official espionage, to which no constitutional monarchy of Europe would now dare to resort; it has abolished the right of appeal on important constitutional questions to the supreme judicial tribunals, and threatens to curtail or destroy its original jurisdiction, which is irrevocably vested by the Constitution, while the learned Chief Justice has been subjected to the most atrocious calumnies, merely because he would not prostitute his high office to the support of the false and partizan charges preferred against the President. Its corruption and extravagance have exceeded anything known in history, and by its frauds and monopolies it has nearly doubled the burden of the debt created by the war. It has stripped the President of his constitutional power of appointment, even of his own Cabinet. Under its repeated assaults the pillars of the government are rocking on their base, and should it succeed in November next and inaugurate its President, we will meet as a subject and conquered people, amid the ruins of liberty and the scattered fragments of the Constitution. And we do declare and resolve, that ever since the people of the

United States threw off all subjection to the British Crown the privilege and trust of suffrage have belonged to the several States, and have been granted, regulated, and controlled exclusively by the political power of each State respectively; and that any attempt by Congress, on any pretext whatever, to deprive any State of this right, or interfere with its exercise, is a flagrant usurpation of power which can find no warrant in the Constitution: and if sanctioned by the people will subvert our form of government, and can only end in a single centralized and consolidated government, in which the separate existence of the States will be entirely absorbed, and an unqualified despotism be established in place of a federal union of coequal States; and that we regard the Reconstruction acts (so-called) of Congress, as such, as usurpations and unconstitutional, revolutionary and void; that our soldiers and sailors, who carried the flag of our country to victory, against a most gallant and determined foe, must ever be gratefully remembered, and all the guarantees given in their favor must be faithfully carried into execution.

That the public lands should be distributed as widely as possible among the people, and should be disposed of either under the preemption or homestead laws, and sold in reasonable quantities, and to none but actual occupants, at the minimum price established by the government. When grants of the public lands may be deemed necessary for the encouragement of important public improvements, the proceeds of the sale of such lands, and not the lands themselves, should be so applied.

That the President of the United States, Andrew Johnson, in exercising the power of his high office, in resisting the aggressions of Congress upon the Constitutional rights of the States and the people, is entitled to the gratitude of the whole American people; and in behalf of the Democratic party we tender him our thanks for his patriotic efforts in that regard.

Upon this platform the Democratic party appeal to every patriot, including all the conservative element, and all who desire to support the Constitution and restore the Union, forgetting all past differences of opinion, to unite with us in the present great struggle for the liberties of the people; and that to all such, to whatever party they may have heretofore belonged, we extend the right hand of fellowship, and hail all such co-operating with us as friends and brethren.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

I. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the principles, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of Constitutions securing Equal Civil and Political Rights to all; and it is the duty of the government to sustain those institutions, and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

II. The guarantee by Congress of Equal Suffrage to all loyal men at the South was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained; while the question of Suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

III. We denounce all forms of Repudiation as national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

IV. It is due to the labor of the Nation that taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

V. The National Debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can be honestly done.

VI. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

VII. The government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy; and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

VIII. We profoundly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession to the Presidency of Andrew Johnson, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him and the cause he was pledged to support; who has usurped high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his executive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen; who has abused the pardoning power; who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional; who has persistently and corruptly resisted, by every means in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption; and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

IX. The doctrine of Great Britain and other European powers that, because a man is once a subject, he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States, as a relic of feudal times, not authorized by the laws of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to protection in all their rights of citizenship, as though they were native-born; and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and, if so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the government to interfere in his behalf.

X. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperilled their lives in the service of the country; the bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the Nation are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people—a sacred legacy bequeathed to the Nation's protecting care.

XI. Foreign immigration, which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development and resources and increase of power to this Republic, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations, should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

XII. This Convention declares itself in sympathy with all oppressed peoples struggling for their rights.

XIII. That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forbearance with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly co-operating with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people; and we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late Rebels in the same measure as their spirit of loyalty will direct, and as may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people.

XIV. That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government, and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil.

READING FOR DEMOCRATS.

[From the New York Tribune.]

THE remnant of Lee's army and many of the prominent politicians of the Confederacy having come to New York for the purpose of trying to make a President of the United States, the local Democratic papers are doing their best to supply them with appropriate reading. The *World* is the only one of them all which preserves any show of moderation in its language or decency in its statements, and even the *World* is respectable only by comparison. The *Freeman's Journal*, which claims to be a religious paper, devotes the greater part of its editorial page to the advocacy of public dishonesty, but finds room for an apology for slavery, and some bad language about "the infamous Abolitionism that has laid waste so large a portion of this country—done so much mischief and no good." The *Journal* adds:

Its action has been evil only, and that continually—because it has been dictated by a hatred at once of the poor negroes as well as of their late masters, and of good order in general. The Abolitionism that triumphed in the late war is not beneficent and not just. It is full of hypocrisy, of fraud, of hatred, and of all manner of wickedness. Its end is, not the gradual elevation of the poor negroes, but their extermination. This Abolitionism is linked in with every other outrage on public law and public morals. There are some good men still, weakly, following in its wake. They are the foolish playthings of the devil, without knowing it.

The *Day Book* discusses "Mongrelism," and says:

A Democrat, a true, intelligent Democrat, should no more associate with, or sit at table with a white nigger, than he would with a black one. No matter what his education or accomplishments, a true Democrat should no more permit a degraded and corrupt beast like Chas. Sumner, who voluntary abdicates his manhood and equalizes with negroes, to eat with him, or even to speak to him without touching his hat, than he would Fred. Douglass or any other nigger. An honest Democrat naturally avoids a thief, a pickpocket, or degraded wretch that commits bigamy, etc., but none of these corruptions and degradations equal the degradation or indeed the sin of equalizing with negroes. Finally, we must all come to this position, and restore the white Republic, or another million of lives must needs be sacrificed before a truth so simple and obvious is beaten into the American brain; for not liberty alone, but society itself, is only possible in this country as it was organized by Washington and left us by Buchanan.

The *Metropolitan Record* says of the admission of Arkansas:

Very good! One more infamy added to the already long catalogue will but hasten the coming retribution. Let them bring in their carpet-bag Senators and their carpet-bag Representatives under this infamous act of an infamous Congress! Bring them in, we say, and just see how long the people will permit them to stay there!

It threatens the Republicans in the following strain:

Is it not about time for them to get it into their brain that it is a cardinal principle with the Democracy that this is a white man's government, and that, therefore, the nigger "governments" which Radicalism has set up in these Africanized States have all got to be upset, and that the upsetting will begin just as soon as we can get our Democratic President inaugurated, on the 4th of March, 1869. The government of the United States *then* will be the Democratic Executive, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, and such of the Senators as have not been sent from the nigger monarchies aforesaid. That "government" will be supported by the militia, which we expect to have under the command of Democratic Governors in all the great States. It will be a strong enough "government" then to take care of the carpet-bag gentry and the military machinery by which they may have swindled themselves into the Rump Congress. As we have declared heretofore, so we repeat now, the whole concern will have to leave, peaceably if they may, forcibly if we must. If they choose the latter alternative, so be it. A speedy settlement of the whole matter will then follow; and, our word for it, it will be, as we have heretofore declared, short, sharp, and decisive.

From the same paper we take this complimentary notice of the *World*:

We have repeatedly had occasion, within the few weeks past, to caution the Democracy against the vile snake in the grass called the New York *World*, which, while professing to be opposed to Radicalism, is doing all it can to promote the ends and aims of its more open, and therefore, more manly, supporters. From certain facts that have come to our knowledge, we have no hesitation in again branding this bogus "Democratic" sheet as in Radical pay, and secretly hostile to all the fundamental principles for which the Democratic party are contending. We believe the rank and file of the Democracy in this part of the country are perfectly well aware of this fact: and hence, as they cannot be persuaded either to purchase or peruse the foul thing, it has no circulation and no influence among us to speak of.

We can only add that we hope our Democratic visitors will relish the fare that is provided for them.

IMPEACHMENT.

The following are the new articles of impeachment presented to the House of Representatives on the 7th inst., by Mr. Stevens:

Whereas, a High Court of Impeachment has lately been in session to try Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors, and has adjourned without completing its judgment; and

Whereas, It is proper that additional articles should be filed, if deemed expedient; therefore,

Resolved, That a Committee of — be appointed to prepare additional articles of impeachment, and report as follows:

Additional articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives, in the name of themselves and all the people of the United States, against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, in maintenance and support of their impeachment against him for high crimes and misdemeanors in office.

First Additional Article.—That the said Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, did abuse the patronage of the Government which, by virtue of his office, had been entrusted to him, and did pervert it to improper and selfish purposes, inasmuch as he used it to corrupt the people of the United States, and to induce them to abandon and renounce the principles which they conscientiously held, and to adopt others which they did not approve, in order to promote the selfish purposes of said Andrew Johnson. The President of the United States came into power and received his office because he professed to hold the principles of the Republican party, and zealously avowed his determination to carry them into effect. When he came into power he found offices of the Government, many thousand in number, filled with men professing the same Republican principles, and who had been appointed expressly to carry them into effect. When by a fatal accident he became chief Executive of the nation, he determined to seek an election for the same office at the next Presidential term. He foresaw that it would become necessary to renounce the principles of the Republican party, and to establish a new personal party specially to himself; and he did not hesitate to apply to that object the profits of thousands of offices and of millions of revenue, he set deliberately about turning faithful officers out of their places because they would not renounce their principles, and of appointing others to office because they pledged themselves to support him and his principles. The removals and appointments were avowedly made for no cause of merit or demerit, but for the purpose of adding recruits to his new party.

Second Additional Article.—For that the said Andrew Johnson, being the Chief Executive of the U. States, and being assigned by law to the duties, to take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed, and having no judicial or legislative powers confided to him by the Constitution, all his duties being strictly executive, did on the 29th day of May, 1865, and before and after that time usurp to himself the powers of another branch of the Government, and did do acts, and exercise functions which belonged to the legislative branch, and in pursuance of such claim having at the time the army and navy of the United States at his command, did establish and erect into a separate Government that portion of the territory which had been conquered by the United States from the lately so-called Confederate States of America, and which was lately embraced within the boundaries of the State of North Carolina, and did by his own usurped authority create a State and form a Government hitherto unknown to the United States, and did create an office hitherto unknown to our Constitution, and appointed thereto an officer whom he called Provisional Governor, and directed him how to construct and carry out said Government. He fixed, and by his own will decided the qualifications of electors, and who should be eligible to office in the new government, which he by proclamation declared was deprived all civil government by the armed forces of the independent belligerents with whom we had been at war, and he appointed William W. Holden to the office of Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and directed him to administer the offices of the newly created State. On the 13th of June, 1865, he usurped the same powers, and without any direction from Congress, to whom alone it belonged, erected to an independent State that part of conquered territory formerly known as the State of Mississippi, and appointed William S. Sharkey Provisional Governor thereof, and on the 17th of June, 1865, he in like manner erected a portion of said territory into what he called the State of Georgia, and appointed James Johnson Provisional Governor thereof. On or about the 17th, 21st, and 30th of June and the 13th of July, he in like manner created governments, which he called the States of Texas, South Carolina, and Florida, and when afterwards Congress declared such governments and institutions null and void, and prescribed other methods of governing said territory, and to enable it to enter the Union by the consent of Congress, the President declared such laws null and void, and advised the people not to respect their execution, and he has never aided in carrying into effect, but has resisted what are called the "Reconstruction Laws."

Third Additional Article.—For that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States by his corrupt practices, did attempt to induce the Senators elect from the State of Colorado to perjure themselves upon the condition of his signing the bill admitting Colorado into the Union as a State, and thereby admitting them as Senators of the United States. He did also pardon and restore the rights of franchise to one hundred and ninety-three deserters, who, during the war, had deserted from the United States Army, upon condition that they would vote for the Democratic party at the then immediately ensuing election, and they did thus vote and give to the Democratic agent, Thomas B. Florence, the sum of $1,000 in cash. He appointed numerous persons to office who could not take the test oath, and did not take it, but were allowed to act and discharge the functions thereof in defiance of law. He ordered agricultural scrip to be issued to the State of North Carolina, which scrip was issued under the act of 1862, when North Carolina was in armed warfare against the Union. He restored, without authority of law, large tracts of forfeited property, enough, it is believed, to pay the national debt, which had been forfeited under act of Congress, approved July 17, 1862, by reason of all which outrages this government became impoverished, the people embarrassed, the rebel raiders allowed to flourish, and the Constitution flagrantly violated. He sold pardons for money, or allowed it to be done through pardon brokers.

Fourth Additional Article.—He did take from the Treasury of the United States large tracts of land and large amounts of money, sufficient it is believed to have paid our national debt, and which had been transferred to the United States by act of the 17th of July, 1862, as enemy's property, to be applied to the expenses of the war and the debts of the United States. This was corruptly and unlawfully done, without any authority of Congress.

Fifth Additional Article.—He did usurp the powers of other branches of the government, and exercise the legislative power, in defiance of the Constitution, in creating or attempting to create new governments out of the territory conquered from the Confederate States of America, so called, and to govern them by his own mere power, by forms unknown to the Constitution, without consulting Congress, but defying their authority when they had spoken, and denying the constitutionality of the laws of Congress enacted to govern said conquered territory.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

[From the New York Tribune].

If the Democratic Convention had been intent on selecting that candidate for President least likely to win Republican votes and most certain to arouse and intensify Republican opposition, it could not have hit the mark more exactly. Horatio Seymour has been the deadliest, most implacable enemy throughout, of the ideas which triumphed in the abolition of slavery and discomfiture of the rebellion. He was an open advocate and champion of that Nebraska bill whereby slavery shamelessly repudiated a solemn compact whereof she had reaped the full advantage, and strove to wrest from free labor a vast region which she had quitclaimed for a valuable consideration in hand. For the victims in Kansas of Border-Ruffian arson, outrage and murder, he had never a word of cheer or sympathy. He was for Buchanan against Fremont, when this State gave the Pathfinder a plurality of 80,000. He was for anybody against Lincoln in 1860, when New York gave the latter a clean majority of 50,000. Mr. Lincoln being elected, he insisted that the Republicans should give up their cardinal principle of no extension of slave territory, or be held accountable for the rebellion that the slaveholders would otherwise initiate. He attended the Tweddle Hall Convention, in Albany, Jan. 31st, 1861; and there—because the Republicans in Congress kept quiet, and did not ask pardon of the slave power for having elected a President—assailed them thus abusively:

"What spectacle do we present to-day? Already six States have withdrawn from this Confederacy. Revolution has actually begun. The term 'Secession' divests it of none of its terrors, nor do arguments to prove Secession inconsistent with our Constitution stay its progress, or mitigate its evils. All virtue, patriotism and intelligence, seem to have fled from our National Capitol; it has been well likened to the conflagration of an asylum for madmen—some look on with idiotic imbecility; some in sullen silence; and some scatter the firebrands which consume the fabric above them, and bring upon all a common destruction. Is there one revolting aspect in this scene which has not its parallel at the Capitol of your country? Do you not see there the senseless imbecility, the garrulous idiocy, the maddened rage, displayed with regard to petty personal passions and party purposes, while the glory, the honor, and the the safety of the country, are all forgotten? The same pervading fanaticism has brought evil upon all the institutions of our land. Our churches are torn asunder, and desecrated to partizan purposes. The wrongs of our local legislation, the growing burdens of debt and taxation, the gradual destruction of the African in the Free States, which is marked by each recurring census, are all due to the neglect of our own duties, caused by the complete absorption of the public mind by a senseless, unreasoning fanaticism. The agitation of the question of Slavery has thus far brought greater social, moral, and legislative evils upon the people of the Free States than it has upon the institutions of those against whom it has been excited. The wisdom of Franklin stamped upon the first coin issued by our government the wise motto 'Mind your business!' The violation of this homely proverb, which lies at the foundation of the doctrines of local rights, has thus far proved more fruitful to the mediters in the affairs of others than to [illegible] upon the pragmatic action is directed.

"We are advised by the Conservative States of Virginia and Kentucky that, if force is to be used, it must be exerted against the united South. It would be an act of folly and madness, in entering upon this contest, to underrate our opponents, and thus subject ourselves to the disgrace of defeat in an inglorious warfare. Let us also see if successful coercion by the North is less revolutionary than successful Secession by the South. Shall we prevent revolution by being foremost in overthrowing the principles of our government, and all that makes it valuable to our people, and distinguishes it among the nations of the earth?"

Gov. Seymour proceeded to demonstrate, after his fashion, that the South was so strong, so earnest, so united, that she could never be put down, and that we had no question to decide but this:

"Shall we compromise *after* war? or compromise *without* war?"

which, you see, wasn't the real question at all, at all.

A few weeks later, Mr. Seymour, meeting Judge Charles H. Ruggles, asked him: "Judge, have you read the Confederate [Montgomery] Constitution?" * * * "I have; and *it is better than ours* (the Federal)." "Then why not," he continued, "obviate all difficulty, by simply *adopting that* (Confederate) Constitution?"—that is to say, by giving up the Union, joining the Southern Confederacy, and thus making every State a Slave State, and all our territory Slave territory, evermore. Such is the man, and such the ideas which have directed his political course. Naturally, he kept on railing more and more fiercely as President Lincoln was constrained to strike directly at Slavery, the core and main-spring of the Rebellion, each blow at the hideous "institution" evoking his decided, vigorous protest. When at length Grant's long pause before Vicksburg, and Hooker's failure at Chancellorsville, had been followed by Lee's determined advance into Pennsylvania, and the hopes of the Copperheads seemed on the very brink of realization, Horatio Seymour, then Governor of the State, came hither to deliver to his cronies a Fourth of July oration, wherein he exulted over their brightening prospects thus openly:

"When I accepted the invitation to speak, with others, at this meeting, we were promised the downfall of Vicksburg, the opening of the Mississippi, the probable capture of the Confederate Capital, and the exhaustion of the Rebellion. By common consent, all parties had fixed upon the day when the results of the campaign should be known, to mark out that line of policy which they felt that our country should pursue. But, in the moment of expected victory, there came the midnight cry for help from Pennsylvania to save its despoiled fields from the invading foe; and, almost within sight of this great commercial metropolis, the ships of your merchants were burned to the water's edge."

Had he but read *The Tribune* of that morning, instead of trusting to *The World* and *The Herald*, he would have learned that Gen. Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg the day before and was now in full retreat; while a few days brought tidings that Gen. Grant was marching into Vicksburg at that moment, and that Pemberton and his 20,000 men had surrendered and were prisoners of war. Gardner surrendered Port Hudson to Banks on receiving news of the fall of Vicksburg. But Seymour—thus badly informed, and supposing Lee lord paramount in Pennsylvania—went on pouring hot shot into the "Lincoln despotism" from the North, as he supposed his manlier confederate, Lee, was still doing from the South. Here is a part of his arraignment, every paragraph whereof would have elicited applauding shouts from every Rebel in Dixie, had they been present to hear him:

"A few years ago, we stood before this community to warn them of the dangers of sectional strife; but our fears were laughed at. At a later day, when the clouds of war overhung our country, we implored those in authority to compromise that difficulty; for we had been told by that great orator and statesman, Burke, that there never yet was a revolution that might not have been prevented by a compromise, opportunely and graciously made. [Great applause]. Our prayers were unheeded. And, when the contest was opened, we invoked those who had the conduct of affairs not to underrate the power of the adversary—not to underrate the courage, and resources, and endurance, of our own sister States. This warning was treated as sympathy with treason. You have the results of these unheeded warnings and unheeded prayers; they have stained our soil with blood; they have carried mourning into thousands of homes; and to-day they have brought our country to the very verge of destruction. Once more I come before you, to offer again an earnest prayer, and beg you to listen to a warning. Our country is not only at this time torn by one of the bloodiest wars that has ever ravaged the face of the earth; but, if we turn our faces to our own loyal States, how is it there? You find the community divided into political parties, strongly arrayed, and using with regard to each other terms of reproach and defiance. It is said by those who support more particularly the Administration, that we, who differ honestly, patriotically, sincerely, from them with regard to the line of duty, are men of treasonable purposes and enemies to our country. [Hear, hear]. On the other hand, the Democratic organization look upon this Administration as hostile to their rights and liberties. They look upon their opponents as men who would do them wrong in regard to their most sacred franchises. I need not call your attention to the tone of the press or to the tone of public feeling to show you how, at this moment, parties are thus exasperated and stand in defiant attitudes to each other. A few years ago, we were told that sectional strife, waged in words like these would do no harm to our country; but you have seen the sad and bloody results. Let us be admonished now in time, and take care that this irritation, this feeling which is growing up in our midst, shall not also ripen into civil troubles that shall carry the evils of war into our own homes.

"Upon one point all are agreed, and that is this: Until we have a united North, we can have no successful war. Until we have a united, harmonious North we can have no beneficent peace. How shall we gain harmony? How shall the unity of all be obtained? Is it to be coerced? I appeal to you, my Republican friends, when you say to us that the Nation's life and existence hang upon harmony and concord here, if you yourselves, in your serious moments, believe that this is to be produced by seizing our persons, by infringing upon our rights, by insulting our homes, and by depriving us of those cherished principles for which our fathers fought, and to which we have always sworn allegiance." (Great applause).

After some variations on this theme, he continued his appeal to Republicans in these words:

"We only ask that you shall give to us that which you claim for yourselves, and that which every freeman, and every man who respects himself, will have, freedom of speech, the right to exercise all the franchises conferred by the constitution upon American citizens. (Great applause). Can you safely deny us these? Will you not trample upon your own rights if you refuse to listen? Do you not create revolution when you say that your persons may be rightfully seized, your property confiscated, your homes entered? Are you not exposing yourselves, your own interests, to as great a peril as that with which you threaten us? Remember this: that the bloody, and treasonable, and revolutionary doctrine of public necessity can be proclaimed by a mob as well as by a government. (Applause.)

"To-day the great masses of Conservatives who still battle for time-honored principles of government, amid denunciation, contumely, and abuse, are the only barriers that stand between this Government and its own destruction. If we should acquiesce in the doctrine that, in times of war, constitutions are suspended, and laws have lost their force, then we should accept a doctrine that the very right by which this Government administers its power has lost its virtue, and we would be brought down to the level of rebellion itself, having an existence only by virtue of material power. When men accept despotism they may have a choice as to who the despot shall be. The struggle then will not be, Shall we have constitutional liberty? But, having accepted the doctrine that the Constitution has lost its force, every instinct of personal ambition, every instinct of personal security, will lead men to put themselves under the protection of that power which they suppose most competent to guard their persons."

Such was the "fire in the rear" which, though opened too late to avail Lee in Pennsylvania, served to stir up the great rebellion in this city, whereby so many houses were burnt, negroes hunted through our streets like wolves, hanged and burned when caught, and the Colored Orphan Asylum pillaged and burned to the ground. It was a body of those Rebel rioters, fresh from the sack of the *Tribune* office, which they fired and would have burned but for the prompt interposition of the Police, that he addressed as "friends," and begged to desist from their work while he should send to Washington and get the draft (which was their pretext) postponed or averted. Not one indignant remonstrance, not one earnest threat, not one word evincing displeasure, did he address to the miscreants whose dens were then glutted with plunder as their hands were red with murder.

The next Autumn, Seymour procured a re-nomination for Governor by his characteristic dodge of affecting to decline, and stumped the State as an advocate of his own election and that of McClellan and Pendleton. Everywhere, (we appeal to the thousands who heard him), he insisted that no progress had been made toward putting down the Rebellion (though Grant held Richmond by the throat, and Sherman had taken Atlanta, while the Mississippi ran free from the Ohio to the Gulf) —that the credit of the Rebel Government in Europe was better than that of the Union—and that our National Debt already nearly equaled the value of all the property in the country, rendering real estate valueless and industry fruitless. We appeal to those who heard him to sustain our assertion that every one of his carefully studied and daily reiterated paragraphs would have elicited the enthusiastic shouts of any Rebel army, as his nomination in Tammany was hailed with the frantic, stentorian acclamation of the thousand Rebel Congressmen, Generals, Colonels, etc., there assembled, which have by this time been echoed in every Rebel conclave from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

Such is the chosen leader of the hosts of Reaction and Aristocracy, in the contest now opened. No man ever heard of his uttering a generous word for the ignorant, lowly, down-trodden African —all these he would disfranchise to-morrow if he had power, while he insists that the South shall be given over to the keeping of her haughty Rebels, who hold that they have committed no wrong and forfeited no right in conspiring and fighting to destroy the Union.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION—CHASE.

It is the cue of the democratic journals, now that the result of the New York Convention is settled and irrevocable, to declare that the Chase movement was "all moonshine," as one paper has it, a mere chimera in the minds of those who professed to record the inner workings of affairs, and that it never had substantial existence in the convention. It is their policy to make it appear either that the nomination of Governor Seymour was the result of a spontaneous expression of the general wish of the party, or that it was a consumation to effect which the most influential leaders had been working from the beginning. The fact of the case is precisely the contrary. The historian of a future day, examining the convention by the light of its ballotings and recorded utterances, may easily be led into the belief that the Chase movement was a myth, or an intrigue of infinitesimal proportions, rewarded by the Democracy with the contempt it deserved. But an insight into the real circumstances establishes the certainty that the name of the Chief Justice, though it was mentioned less than halt a dozen times in the proceedings inside Tammany Hall; though it received less than half a dozen votes in the whole long succession of ballots, was nevertheless a great element in the convention, never for an instant absent from any mind; and that the progress and failure of the Chase movement was actually the central point of a great crisis in the history of the democratic party.

The Republican Convention at Chicago was a genuine instrument for reaching and executing the will of the people whom it represented. The Democratic Convention at New York was a political incident of a totally different character. It was a great game of intrigue from beginning to end. Its members represented themselves alone, and treated the democratic masses, their constituents, not as their masters but as their servants. The two contesting elements were the traditions and principles of the party on the one hand, and the desire for success on the other. The malignant copperhead faction sought the indorsement of its ideas and the nomination of its candidate at any cost. The opposing faction were ready to sacrifice any principles, to immolate any personal ambition, for the sake of the sweets of victory in the campaign. Between these two contesting principles, the struggle was carried on with the intricacy of manœuvre and nicety of stratagem of a game of chess. While it went on, it was difficult to see the purpose or the effect of some of the moves; but now that the end is reached it is easy to trace the meaning of each successive step.

The champions of success went into the contest with their one purpose, to secure the nomination of Mr. Chase. That gentleman's overweening ambition had blinded his eyes to every consideration but the single desperate chance of winning favor in the eyes of his enemies, and by their aid gratifying the great desire of his soul at the expense of defeat to his old friends. By his nomination upon the democratic ticket the party might retrieve many of its worst errors in recent years, and open before it once more the possibility of victory and power. To men like Mr. Seymour and Mr. Belmont the prize was worth the cost. If the party must be revolutionized to obtain it, the Nation might be revolutionized by means of it. To Horatio Seymour the prospect of being hopelessly defeated at the head of the democratic ticket in a National campaign was not especially attractive. But the possibility of high place in a democratic administration elected by his aid was brilliant enough to command his strongest efforts. This possibility he saw in inducing the convention of his party to accept Salmon P. Chase as a candidate, and then by a skilful and well organized campaign winning a sufficient number of Republican votes to command success at the polls. The same temptations presented themselves to other of the shrewder men of the party, tired of being in the minority in the Nation, and eager for the profits and honors of office. Mr. Chase's folly had placed his name in their hands unreservedly; they determined to use it to their own advantage, and to ride into power by clinging to the skirts of his gown.

Men like Mr. Vallandigham, on the contrary, had comparatively little to gain by the bare victory of their party under such uncongenial leadership. To be in power with such insignificant rank as they must hold under Mr. Chase would be worse than being whipped at the head of the column of their party. Then, such extreme men care more for their beliefs than politicians of the stamp of the New York democracy. They feel through all their being, hatred of liberal principles, of National honesty, of equal justice; and to go even the little way which the democracy must go to meet Mr. Chase was to them a task unspeakably odious. So every energy was bent toward defeating the attempt to lead the party from its old paths; and the strength of Mr. Vallandigham and Brick Pomeroy was exerted from the outset far more toward defeating Mr. Chase than for the primary object of nominating Mr. Pendleton.

At the outset the representatives of the Bourborn faction of the party had the numerical advantage. The Convention included no Representatives of the Republican votes which it was desirable to secure, and was largely made up of men to whom the old traditions of the party are very dear indeed. To these men a mention of the name of Mr. Chase early in the canvassing was received with a haughty sneer and the remark, "I thought this was a *Democratic* Convention." Had his name been brought forward to begin with, his support would have run up to perhaps half the number of votes in the Convention, and there paused and then dwindled down into insignificance as his adherents dispersed among fresher aspirants. To make his nomination feasible it was necessary to play a deeper game. All the other candidates must be killed off in advance by strategic combinations, and then, when the Convention was wearied with the rivalries of little men, his great name was to be brought in new and unsoiled by the scramble, to win a speedy triumph on the theory that it could command success. The scheme was adroitly conceived; and the manner in which its first steps were executed has few parallels in the history of National Conventions. Mr. Pendleton, with his well-drilled army of delegations and claquers, was the first obstacle to be disposed of. His column had to be broken up by a temporary and fictitious combination on some other western aspirant, who could draw off the Ohio favorite's less devoted adherents. Mr. Hendricks was selected. The plot succeeded admirably; the first position was carried. The Southern Delegations served as pawns on the chess-board. Feeling themselves strangers in the labyrinth of Northerp politics, caring nothing for the personal claims of one or the other, they sought only the harmony of the Convention, which they thought to promote by casting their weight for the strongest man. Thus ballot after ballot found them following the wake of the Northern majorities, first for Mr. Pendleton, then for Mr. Hendricks, then for Gen. Hancock, as one or the other seemed for the moment in the ascendant. It took two days to clear Mr. Pendleton out of the way altogether, and then Mr. Chase's friends were ready for their *coup d'etat*. Having succeeded in scattering the convention, and demoralizing the friends of every other candidate, the great apostate was to make his appearance at the head of one resistless charge like that which won the day at Solferino.

But two parties were playing at the game, and by a single error at the critical moment the friends of Mr. Chase lost all they had been working for, and his political fortunes were wrecked forever. The New York men who had the movement in charge thought they had plenty of time, and delayed the abandonment of Mr. Hendricks until he should begin to fall off in his support from other quarters, so as to make the treachery of their course towards him less apparent. They had waited an instant too long. Massachusetts had been put forward to make a decorous beginning for the Chase demonstration, and had won the expected applause. The magazine was ripe for the match. But the Ohio gentlemen, to whom the nomination of the Chief Justice was the destruction of all they held dear in political life, took advantage of their alphabetical precedence on the roll of States and put forward the name of Mr. Seymour. It was not for New York to oppose it. The gentleman himself refused in the most positive terms the nomination which he knew and said would imperil the party. The resolute purpose of Mr. Vallandigham and his friends was not to be baulked by a declination which they had doubtless counted on from the beginning. They called upon the Convention to ratify their demand. The uproarious cheers of five thousand people responded. If Mr. Seymour had been a great man he might still have saved the day. Being made of common clay, perhaps the clamor of the Convention was transformed for a moment in his ears to the admiring appeals of the the people of the United States. Five minutes of hesitation on his part sealed the question beyond recall; and the generals of the Chase movement had to own themselves outwitted on their own ground, and to pretend to hail with contagious enthusiasm the defeat of their party and the perpetuation of Republican control of the government of the Nation. The pretence, which served very well for the excited moments of the Convention, does not deceive the country at large; and men of all parties see that the Democracy has again made one of those blunders which are so fortunate for the country and for which the party has such a fatal facility.

For the deep degradation of Mr. Chase, it is impossible not to feel some pity. He had allowed the passion of ambition to devour all the nobility of his nature. The species of insanity thus engendered has not made its first appearance in the freaks of the last few months. It was recognized by Mr. Lincoln before he elevated his rival to the supreme bench. It existed when the Chief Justice forgot the grandeur of his office to run about the country on political errands within the lines of his old party. We are slow to believe that it was the moving influence in the fair and dignified conduct of the impeachment trial, which seemed to show for once that Mr. Chase knew what a Chief Justice should be. But it reached its wildest manifestations in the humiliating and almost frantic bids which were put forta one after another for the nomination of the convention at New York. The reward which it has met will perhaps cure the malady under which Mr. Chase is laboring, by removing from his hopes the possibility of political advancement in the future; and it will work a still greater good if it stands as a warning for all future time to public men in America, that the ambition which discards scruples and thrusts political honor into the background is not the stepping-stone to power in a free republic.

By its nomination for the vice-presidency, the convention set the seal of acknowledgment on its own defeat. The programme of the cautious leaders had contemplated the selection of some unexceptionable conservative soldier for the second place on the ticket. Such a man was General Ewing. But the great disaster of the morning had made the men who had labored so hard to organize victory from discouraging material, listless and indifferent. It was of little moment to them who was complimented with the subordinate position on a ticket predestined to overwhelming defeat. The Southern men in the convention had a fancy for General Blair, the one man in the northern democracy who dared to express their hearty longing for an overthrow of the Governments founded on equal rights, at any cost of blood and anarchy. It was not worth while to baulk them. The rebel officers who formed so large an element in the convention had hitherto been very sedulously kept in the background for prudential considerations. But prudence was no longer worth aiming at. So they were all allowed a grand dress parade, from Wade Hampton to Forrest, in seconding the Blair nomination; and the convention dispersed with gloomy looks, hearing in the guns which saluted their ticket but the funeral peal of their hopes in the campaign.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

IMPEACH CHASE.

WHAT a mere game of brag our politics have become! Once it was easy to tell a Democrat from a Republican. A broad gulf separated them. Now only words divide the *parties*. The Democratic leaders have, for three months past, been threatening to nominate Mr. Chase—whom, last May, one-half the Republicans would cheerfully have nominated. On the other hand, the Republicans have just nominated, by acclamation, Mr. Grant, whom only a year ago, they feared the Democrats would steal from them by a previous nomination! "If we don't nominate Grant, the Democrats will"—was the universal excuse for taking him without pledge or condition. How closely the conservative wings of each party touch! Trumbull, Fessenden, Grimes, Ross and their fellows, dictators at Chicago, would prefer Chase, but condescend to Grant in gracious deference to their vassals. The *Herald* and other sane members of the Democratic party would have taken either Grant or Chase, with alacrity.

These are surface symptoms. The Radicals of each party constitute the country—its loyalty and its disloyalty. Leaders like lawyers—Evarts, for instance—take sides for fees. Rank and file have ideas and sometimes consciences. The Radicalism of Chicago means to complete the Revolution. The Radicalism of New York means to baulk it. The blind, intense, corrupt, plunder-seeking Toryism of the country rules at New York. Race-hatred and spoils are its motives. Incapable of cure, like a fatal disease, all we can ask for it is a grave. The time may come when their own worldly wisdom will lead them, as it has done the Church, to masquerade in garments of light. But as well expect blood out of a stone wall as a virtuous purpose in the Democratic party. Those who at this day profess to believe otherwise only exhibit their own desire to be deceived.

On the battle-field at New York there was only one man left for dead—Mr. Chase. Unless he speedily shows signs of life by resignation, we hope Congress will rouse him to life by Impeachment. By what right does a judge, before whom great questions of Constitutional law wait to-day, declare before hand, before argument, that he has made up his opinion and holds the whole course of Congress unconstitutional? Men talk of the dignity, self-respect and official propriety of Mr. Chase. Which of these respectable qualities was it that led him to proclaim to his Democratic fellows his judicial prejudices? Springing up without argument or question stated, they could not be called *opinions*. Mr. Chase descends into the arena, proclaiming that all the reconstruction laws are unconstitutional. They may be so. It may be, in general, the indisputable right of any citizen to seek the Democratic nomination by declaring them to be so. But, there are eight men in the country whose offices forbid their announcing such opinions, forbid their forming such opinions for any purpose whatever. These eight men are the eight judges of the United States Supreme Bench.

What would we say if Mr. Justice Chase should announce before hand that he believed Jefferson Davis ought to be hanged, and that he would hang him if he ever had the chance? Should we think he had any right after that to sit in judgment on Davis? How then will he sit in judgment on the rights of five million of men, which he has already declared have, in his opinion, no existence? Shall Congress send its laws to be weighed by a hand which has already set its attestation to a resolve that all such laws are palpable violations of the Constitution!

Every element of self-respect and official prop

SALMON P. CHASE.

THE career of this distinguished man having now reached a termination hardly less instructive than melancholy, it becomes those who have felt the deepest interest in his life and character, to recognize the fact of his apostacy and protect themselves as far as possible from its damaging consequences, by holding his example up to moral indignation, and earnest reprobation. The position of Mr. Chase before the late Democratic Convention—viewed in connection, with his early history and the sources from which he has mainly derived popular consideration—is certainly one of the saddest spectacles which can afflict the eyes of men. An Abolitionist of thirty years standing—a Liberty Party man of the olden time, when that party could only count seven thousand votes in the whole country—an Anti-Slavery lawyer, trusted most by the trembling fugitive from slavery—an Abolition politician and statesman, indebted for his distinction, his high position among his countrymen mainly to his supposed unselfish and inflexible devotion to human liberty and especially to that of the much hated negro; is found at last, in the gutter before Tammany Hall—piteously imploring the Democratic party to nominate him as their candidate for the Presidency, urging as his chief recommendation his ability to demoralize a sufficient number of his old Anti-Slavery associates to put the government into the hands of the Democratic party the next four years.

"What a falling off was there my countrymen!"

Here is treachery compared with which that of Webster, Seward, Charles Francis Adams and Andrew Johnson, whitens into innocence. The fall of Mr. Chase is more scandalous and shocking than that of any other of which American history affords an example. His descent is from a point higher—he has fallen further—and he reaches a depth of infamy deeper, and hotter than that of any of his predecessors in treachery. It is only a few months ago that he was seeking to win to himself the votes of the colored men of the South on the ground that he more than any other prominent man best represented their interests and their rights, and now he is for a party whose chief claim to popular regard is based upon its hostility to the negro and its purpose to place him in a condition only less wretched than the slavery from which the war for the Union had rescued him.

It is not many weeks since that good man GERRET SMITH was vigorously pressing the name of Mr. Chase for the Presidency. He was evidently surprised if not grieved, that I was not equally earnest in the same work. He could not understand why I should favor the nomination and election of Gen. Grant in preference to Chief Justice Chase. Mr. Smith will have no difficulty in understanding my preference now.

The fact is I have for many years been troubled with doubts of this man's Anti-Slavery trust-worthiness. Before Mr. Chase had betrayed that heroic woman, Margaret Garner, into the hands of Kentucky slave-hunters; before he deserted Mr. Lincoln, and sought to supplant him in 1864; before he accepted the Chief Justiceship, as the price of his support of the second election of Mr. Lincoln; before he manifested his inordinate desire for the Presidency by leaving the treasury (where his services were most needed by the country) in order to put himself in training for the Presidential nomination; before he framed excuses for his failure to try Jefferson Davis; before he brought the whole influence of his position and learning to shield Andrew Johnson from deserved impeachment, and before his present identification of himself, with all the vile abominations of the Democratic platform, I had uncomfortable impressions of the man of which I could not (though I often desired to) divest myself.

A portrait of the character of Mr. Chase given me by Hon. Samuel Lewis, of Cincinnati when that good man and faithful Abolitionist was on his dying bed, has (despite of all efforts to shake it off and forget it) followed me for a dozen years and more, and has become more and more vivid as time and events have developed the true status of the man. The judgment of Mr. Lewis was that Mr. Chase was not to be trusted in any emergency—that he was coldly selfish and intensely ambitious—and that in furtherance of his ambition he would sacrifice the Abolition cause or any other. I was shocked by this portrait of Mr. Chase and disputed its accuracy at the time, but its ugly features have confronted me ever since. Hence, gross and unexpected as was the defection of Mr. Chase to many of his friends, it was not wholly unlooked for by me.

He has confirmed the bad opinion of him in every particular. Greedy for the Presidency, he has not hesitated to renounce all ties of ancient friendship, to repudiate all obligations of gratitude, to disregard the sentiment of reserve which befits his present high office, to intrigue and scramble for a nomination at the hands of a party conspicuous for the bitterest hostility to the professed principles of his whole life, and whose triumph in the coming election would be the direst calamity. The signal defeat, rebuke and humiliation of the inordinate ambition of Chief Justice Chase, in some measure atones for the democratic baseness, which accomplished his seduction. He has soiled his judicial ermine in vain. He is, like Wolsey, left naked to his enemies. The two or three votes he got, instead of conferring honor, only render his isolation and destitution the more conspicuous. The Democrats "loved the treason," but as usual, *despised* the traitor. His success, in the circumstances, would have been a sad disaster to the political morals of the country. As the case now stands, Mr. Chase is a warning to all after comers. He has parted with his principles, sold himself to the enemy and lost his price.

A defense of Mr. Chase is already whispered. He merely meant to purify the Democratic party! He did not mean to descend to its level, but lift the party to his. He simply went into it to reform it. On this theory, folly is added to knavery. He attempts to *deceive* the Democratic party to purify it of *deception!* To defraud the party to make it more honest! To the democrats he says I am with you, I stand on your platform. To his old friends he says, I do no such thing, but stand where I have stood through life. I am willing that the democratic party shall come to me, but I have no purpose to go to it. This defense is now worse than the crime—and is only less hurtful because its lying hypocrisy is open and manifest to all.

Hereafter, let us hear no more of Mr. Chase as the negro's candidate or the negro's friend. He is a deserter from our ranks, in face of the enemy, and is simply not in the enemies ranks because—they despised and spurned him. His degradation is complete and he will have to live longer than Chief Justice Taney, if he outlives the memory of this flagrant transgression. In sorrow more than anger we part with him. His crime though great has met an equal punishment. Let us hope it will prove salutary if not to him, at least to others who may be tempted in like manner to betray their principles.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

PERSONAL.

Six ladies have contributed £50 each towards Mr. John Stuart Mill's election expenses as candidate for Westminster.

An exchange paper says:

"Chang and Eng, the wonderful Siamese twins, are about to risk the experiment of being severed. And Chang Chase and Eng Pomeroy are trying to bring themselves together by the ligature of democracy. If these operations succeed, which will be the more curious, will be difficult to say."

The following is from the recent New York Convention notes of the Springfield *Republican*:

"There is something novel and courageous, yet sad, in Judge Chase's daughter, Mrs. Sprague, being here on the ground to conduct the campaign in his behalf. She is in contact with delegates and editors, reporting her father's position, and urging with true womanly zeal his cause. She furnished to the press this evening, the latest exposition of his views. Besides her, there is nobody having his cause in keeping here but Mr. Cisco the banker. He does not want for outside claquers and supporters; but the two I have named represent all the organization here in his name—all that may be relied upon or are authorized to speak for him."

Lieut. Gov. Dunn, of Lousiana, a colored man, was inaugurated on the 11th inst. Senator Lynch, President pro-tem, introduced Mr. Dunn to the Senate as the first Lieutenant Governor of the State under the Constitution of 1868, with a few complimentary remarks, in which he alluded to the race to which Mr. Dunn belongs. In his reply, Mr. Dunn said: "As to myself and my people, we are not seeking social equality. That is a thing no law can govern. We all have our preferences; we all wish to select our associates, and no legislation can select them for us. We ask nothing of the kind. We simply ask to be allowed an equal chance in the race of life, an equal opportunity of supporting our families, of educating our children, and of becoming worthy citizens of this Government.

The Berlin correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says of the great Prussian Minister:

"He is more the King than the King. More hats come off when he rides "Unter den Linden," than when the Russian turnout above described appears. The Prussians have had good evidence of his abilities, and appreciate them. While the King is planning the arrangement of the leg stripes for his soldiers, the great Count is negotiating with the powers that be, and always for the good of Prussia. He lives in a plain row of buildings on Williams street, with a thick-shaded garden of lime trees in the rear, in which he often walks to obtain relaxation from the cares of overwork. Look into any shop window in Berlin and there is his photograph. His name is heard at the hotels and in the cafes. There are Bismarck gloves, Bismarck collars, Bismarck rifles and Bismarck ices. If any question of State comes up the newspapers wait for Bismarck to give an opinion. It is said that he cares very little for the King, but the King cares much for Bismarck.

"At the present writing the great statesman and diplomat is ill at his house, and has not been in the streets for several days. It is claimed that he has applied himself too closely to his duties and needs relaxation. Inquiries as to his health come over the wires hourly from Paris."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 13th, 1868.

AMONG the Democrats here, as in many other places, a good deal of dissatisfaction prevails concerning the nominations made by the Democratic Rebel Convention. Seymour does not seem to have been the preference of any among them. They accept him, however as the legitimate choice of the Convention, although many have declared, perhaps impulsively in the first moments of disappointment, that they will refrain from voting next autumn. It is very evident that a remarkable degree of indifference exists among them, and some of the more shrewd and candid freely relinquish every hope of success. The nominations seem to be incapable of inspiring genuine enthusiasm, although there has been a resort to the usual methods of demonstration, such as firing off cannon and holding a ratification meeting, Independence Square being used for these purposes.

I have heard some of them declare that they mean to win at the coming election by some plan or other, plainly indicating a lack of confidence in honest and legitimate means, and betraying the usual disregard for principle.

Some persons consider the coming campaign as the most important and momentuous in the political history of the government. Doubtless it will be one that will develop to the greatest extent political unscrupulousness and party baseness, and where a recourse to bad appliances for promoting the end in view will have an unparalleled distinction. What a beautiful spectacle it would be for the people of this great Nation to engage in all political contest without the sacrifice of virtue, the overthrow of honor and manhood, or the display of those painful and habitual scenes which arise from the sway of bad passions uncontrolled. But good people may defer hope and banish all thought of such a happy consummation, while men of knowledge, influence and enlightenment, men of standing and great profession, connive at these derogatory practices, giving them countenance, encouragement and willing support.

A few days ago I overheard a palavering copperhead say, who had just return from the Democratic Rebel Convention, that his party intended securing the negro vote of the South next Fall. They would force the negroes to vote their ticket, or prohibit them from voting at all. Not without bombast and with a good deal of emphasis he uttered these words, and it was manifest that he had gathered this purpose from his recent association with the rebel delegates. The unblushing impudence of his manner comported with the villainy of the proposition. I mention this as an instance of the spirit that actuates these unprincipled copperheads, who are so apt to boast of their regard for the untrammeled exercise of the ballot.

These men strenuously advocate the repeal of the reconstruction laws of Congress. Their primary objection thereto arises from the fact that they empower the negroes to vote, while the rebels, in their view, are shorn of this privilege to an inconvenient and far too rigid an extent. They would force the negroes to become the most efficient instrumentality for subverting this right which Congress has accorded them, thus employing for its own destruction the identical agency itself. Their victims would thereby prepare the way for their own thraldom, and become the tools for forging the shackles to bind about their own limbs. And these Northern copperheads, habitually unscrupulous and unprincipled, would not hesitate to encourage their Southern allies, secretly and openly, in such a fiendish and diabolical work. While the Republicans do not propose to enlarge the domain of the negro's freedom, the Copperheads aim to exclude him totally as an element in the constituency. While the Republicans would leave him in the undisturbed possession of what he has, the Copperheads would meanly rob him of the key to all his rights. Although he may not be elated with the prospect of further gain from one party, he may reasonably feel alarmed at what he may lose through the other. May no such dire misfortune as the success of this vile copperhead scheme now or hereafter befall him. Meanwhile Republicans everywhere should learn, from the spirit that actutates and the purpose that impels their political foes that there is no security for them, no safety for the country, and no protection for the negro, save in a constitutional guarantee of impartial suffrage.

W.

Our Eastern Correspondence.

NEWBURYPORT, July 12th, 1868.

CAN one rusticate in a city? I think that those who know the quietness of Newburyport, and the abundance of cool shade to be found in and around it, will answer in the affirmative. At any rate, I am trying the experiment here, and I find it so far conducive to health and comfort. Perhaps, in this midsummer weather, I can't do better than to make my letter short, and confine it to cool subjects, the river and the groves.

On the south bank of the beautiful Merrimack, as you go westward from the town, there are three pleasant groves, much in favor with young men and maidens who seek shady rest in the open air. These are called "The Rocks," "The Pines" and "The Laurels," and as they are at the convenient distances of one, two and three miles from the town, one would naturally expect them to have many visitors.

All these groves are of pine, situated on bluffs rising from thirty to sixty feet above the river, to which there is, in many places, a very precipitous descent, of rock or sand. At each, you have before you the broad expanse of the river, with long reaches upward and downward, varied with sail-boats and row-boats, and the occasional splash of a sturgeon. The first of these groves, "The Rocks," is midway between the Newburyport bridge and the old "Essex Merrimack," or "Chain Bridge." It was formerly much resorted to in early spring by those who wished to find the earliest blooms of Mayflower, or "Ground-laurel," as they call it here; but, the quantity here being small, it has diminished from year to year, and now those who seek this charming flower must go to Seabrook, seven or eight miles North, where it grows abundantly and in great perfection.

Proceeding westward from "The Rocks," you leave the Chain Bridge on your right, and come to "The Pines," a larger and finer grove, commanding beautiful views of the bridge down-stream, the island which helps it to cross the river, the handsome stone house lately built on that island by the Brazilian traveller, Mr. Ketcher, and the town of Amesbury, across the river, a little higher up. This town furnishes employment to a few sloops and schooners, which help to enliven the river, and pleasure-boats frequently pass in the warm season, some taking a longer trip up the river, and some carrying parties to the third grove I have mentioned, "The Laurels."

This beautiful place, which takes its name from an abundant growth of broad-leafed laurel under the pine woods, is rarely surpassed in the attractive features of its natural scenery. Here are held the famous "Laurel-parties" annually given by Mr. and Mrs. Ashby of Newburyport; and while the flowering season lasts, its hills and dales, its broad, smooth forest paths, its rocks and laurel thickets, are thronged and enjoyed by many pleasure-parties. The spacious grove consists chiefly of lofty trees, without underbrush, so that you can wander at ease in any direction, and the parts adjacent to the river, have usually a pleasant breeze, even in the hotest days.

One part of the attraction of such scenes is the hope of seeing some of their wild inhabitants, the birds and beasts, which yet keep themselves independent of man. But this hope is seldom gratified. There seem not to be many birds there. The crow is generally heard and seen in such woods, and a partridge is occasionally started. If this latter bird has her young about her, nothing is more curious to observe than their talent of dispersing and hiding themselves by an instantaneous movement. You hear a sudden whirring of wings and a centrifugal scurrying among the dry leaves, and then—utter stillness; nothing to be seen—nothing to be heard; and if you see a single one of eight or ten little chicks that are certainly crouching among the leaves in various directions within ten feet of you, you have good eyes, and some skill in using them. But the small song-birds seem generally to prefer the vicinity of human dwellings. The blue jay and the brown thrush hover on the outskirts of civilization. But in dense woods, your attention is more frequently drawn by silence than by song.

Occasionally a squirrel may be seen, the little striped one on a stone wall, or on the ground near his hole, or the red one on a tree; and if you look forward, and make a noiseless advance, you may see a woodchuck reconnoitering at the mouth of his burrow. Or, if you skirt the edge of the water, a kingfisher may occasionally be seen and heard.

The little king-bird (tyrant fly-catcher) is one of our most common birds, and every one has seen him pursuing the crow, hawk or eagle, when one of these chances to come near him—I saw the other day, at "The Pines," the same sort of persecution practised by crows against an eagle. Attracted by an unusually vehement scolding of of crows, I was advancing towards it for further information, when I saw this eagle, having apparently five or six feet spread of wings, take flight from the high tree on which he had been perched. The crows, following him, flew above and around him, evidently using very opprobrious language. He shortly alighted, and they did the same, continuing their reproaches; and I had the fortune to see four or five of these changes of place, the eagle evidently annoyed and disturbed, but making no demonstration against his adversaries.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13th, 1868.

THE Republican party again owes its escape from disintegration to the folly of its enemies. The Radical wing can again obtain its due control, if it will be but shrewd enough to take advantage of the favorable reaction the folly of the common enemy has created. The events of the past two weeks are so many tributes to the sagacity of radical views. The Democrats had the opportunity to sow discord in the ranks of the dominant party. As it is, it succeeds only in uniting it more closely. It has done more—in proclaiming views and nominating candidates, whose record and characters only arouse all the memories of the war. It has added greater folly even to that, in that it provokes more fears by threats (virtually) of a renewal of internecine strife. There is now but one choice left to a man who believes in the Union, and who aims to protect the Republic—that is, to act with the Republican party, however much he may criticise its shortcoming or denounce its treacheries.

All the rats are leaving the sinking ship—Democracy. There is some hope of a third party movement, which may charm them, like the music of the Pied Piper of Hamlin, into the waters of Lethe. The chief thing to be guarded against is their boarding the Republican ship once more. These rascals, like Raymond of the *Times*, fall into the successful party again, always keeping, "like a bad penny," in circulation. The scavengers and apostates who were recently trafficking with the old hag Democracy, and its lusty master, Rebeldom, are also anxious to get back to decent company. They want, as usual, to control again. It is remarkable to notice how this party in power, trades away its supremacy to men who always betray it. Probably the Chases, Carys, Ewings, *ed omne genus*, will long before the November election, be swearing by all that's holy, that they, and they alone, saved the Republican party from annihilation. I have no doubt of this. Will the Republican party be as weak in the case of the Chief Justice and his immediate and feeble following, who trafficked with Democracy, as it has been with those poor tools of his and Andrew Johnson's—Senators Ross, Van Winkle, Fowler, Henderson and Trumbull. I leave Grimes and Fessenden out of the count. Natural "cussedness," without any one's influence sufficiently accounts for their action. The seven so-called Republican Senators named, are the chief dispensers of patronage here. Prominent officials in the Departments have stated to enquiring gentlemen, that it is no sort of use to file an application for position in them, or in any branch of the civil service without the papers bear the endorsement of one of those Senators. For instance, Fessenden runs the New England patronage, down even to a clerkship in a Postal car, running on a New England railroad. The Maine Senator seems to have exhausted his own family, and has now taken the interests of others into his keeping. It is a pity that in some way there could not be kept a stock of fresh Fessendens continually on hand. They are a decidedly choice brand, in the Senator's estimation at least, and it is a pity that so laudable an ambition as that of providing for one's family at the public cost, should be compelled to remain unsatisfied completely, by the exhaustion of the stock on hand.

There is not the slightest doubt that a great many Democrats and those who were cohabiting with them, are greatly disgusted with the New York nominations. It is almost certain that a third party movement will be started. It will be formidable chiefly to themselves and their Democracy. Chase does not like the engineer's position—"hoist with his own petard." He has an rashy itch for office, and like the Irishman afflicted with the cutaneous disease of that name, finds his chief pleasure in scratching it. A rumor gives out that the Chief Justice "thinks Grant sure of election." He also thinks that thereafter a military despotism will be proclaimed. The whole Chase affair has been such a jolly fiasco, that I am hardly able to write without laughing. It is so seldom that one sees so perfect an imposter exposed. It is refreshing to see a charlatan pilloried and a hypocrite thoroughly turned inside out. This last ten years has been a terrible one on shams. Even Seward is made respectable by Chase's treachery.

Congress will adjourn next week—the latter part probably. If so, it will leave the loyal men of Mississippi and Virginia in the hands of the rebels, led by two copperhead regulars—Stoneman and Gillen. It will leave Johnson to do what he may, though so far, it would seem as if his disgust at being entirely ignored, will result in his remaining grumblingly neutral in the conflict.

—A new item in the list of tributes to the colored man's faithfulness is now being added in Georgia. Parties in the new Legislature there are quite close. The change of four or five would ensure the election of Democratic Senators. Money was raised there and in New York to procure these votes, according to information received here, one man left New York with $25,000, designed to purchased the votes of five colored members of the Legislature. It was a piece of folly on the part of Belmont. None of their money would buy a colored vote. Very poor are those men, but too rich by far to be approached in that way. Governor Bullock is reported as telegraphing here that there is no danger from them. They cannot be corrupted.

So the tale runs everywhere in the South. Wherever the enemy obtains their votes it is done under terrorism or deception. Yet our precious Republican managers here, are trembling in their shoes from fear that a colored man will be sent to Congress. In Alabama they would rather Gen. Warner, a new citizen and a Northern man, who when here just before the Chicago Convention met, was extremely anxious that the Southern Republicans should say and do nothing which would embarass the party, on the suffrage question—such a man is to be preferred rather than as an able and much truer colored man. I hope South Carolina will send a colored Senator here. He will be much more desirable than the Representatives of the Whiskey Ring just elected in Louisiana.

ASMODEUS.

FROM THE WEST.

CANTON, ILL., July 11th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SINCE I came West it has been my fortune to see quite a number of genuine Indians. A large company, a short time since, passed Davenport, Iowa, on their way up the Mississippi. Some of the men were walking along the shore, while the women paddled their canoes along the river's edge, guided up the rapids at that place, by ropes fastened to the boats which the men on shore held. Candor compels me to admit that though I scanned their faces closely, I saw no Hiawathas or Minnehahas among them. I did see two women in a meadow by the roadside, one drinking, while the other threw her arms about her passionately, evidently begging a share of the contents of the bottle, though she herself at the time was so drunk, as to fall down every few minutes.

A gentleman, Mr. H—, who has lived in the West sometime, made, to me, the following statements, which it seemed to me might be worthy to place beside some of Mrs. Child's testimonies regarding the Indians. He said that when he was a young man, happening to be on the island of Mackinaw, he saw there a store with a large show-window filled with highly colored ribbons. He inquired of the proprietors, where they found a market for these ribbons, and was told that they were principally bought by Indians. Making further inquiries, he learned that the Indians came there to trade from distances of three hundred or a thousand miles, and that once a year, when the government annuities were paid them, they settled their bills at the store. Mr. H. asked if the traders did not lose heavily in thus carrying on a credit business with Indians, who, living at such immense distances, could hardly be traced if they failed to pay. They replied that while doing business for twenty years in so-called civilized regions, they had lost more each year from such failure to pay, than in ten years of trade with the Indians. They said if an Indian died in debt, his family and connections invariably paid what he owed, and that a red man's word was inviolable.

The same gentleman who told me this, says that the Government agents and the traders constantly conspire to swindle the Indians.

Going down the Mississippi to Fort Madison not long ago, I saw on board the steamer, among a party of colored people, who were on their way to a ball at that place, a girl nearly white. The next day, one of the officers of the boat asked us if we had noticed her, and then exclaimed: "My God! if I were she, I'd jump into the river."

All the white blood in her veins, in his estimation evidently, could not save her from the curse of that one drop allying her to a darker race. Is then this prejudice against color so relentless, that death alone can release its victims? Surely, it is not yet time for the Abolitionists to cease their work.

We looked in on the ball at Fort Madison, and I did not see but that these colored people behaved as much like ladies and gentlemen, as did fairer dancers in other scenes of pleasure I remembered.

L. B. C.

THE EIGHT HOUR MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Standard:

HOPEDALE, Mass., July 13th, 1868.

IT was voted by our society, that the enclosed copy of a vote to Mr. Wilson be mailed to THE STANDARD for publication.

HOPEDALE, Mass., July 1st, 1868.

To the Hon. HENRY WILSON:

DEAR SIR: At a recent meeting of our Social Science Association, it was unanimously voted that a letter of approval and congratulation be addressed to you by the President and Secretary, in view of the part you have taken in securing the passage of the Eight Hour bill by Congress.

AS a society, such an expression would seem to be in the direct line of our duty; more especially since, unlike the "American Social Science Association," we have made labor our central problem, to whose solution alone we must look for any permanent amelioration of the disorders of the social state. While Social Science covers all other departments of general reform, we regard all others as secondary.

Even the cause of Temperance, to whose promotion you have given so much of your time and talents, obviously must wait, for its final seal of triumph, on the removal of the still more formidable evil of Poverty—the elder sister of Intemperance—and the foster-mother of all those minor crimes which are punishable by law. Now, allow us to say, that to remove poverty and the "lock-up" involves:

1st. A searching examination of our industrial system.

2d. The discovery that the most indispensable and honorable human industries are least rewarded; that those who toil the greatest number of hours receive the least pay, and that instead of being the most independent, "Nature's Noblemen," as they are poetically styled, are the most dependent of all the classes of society.

3d. The inference that the essential principle of Slavery consists in a *monopoly of the means of living*, and hence that the emancipation of the people, and the exaltation of Republican institutions lies in the direction of a *more equal distribution of wealth*.

Finally. That the first practical legislative measure toward such an equitable distribution, is the *reduction of the hours of labor*; for the reason that while it *is* within the power of legislation to reduce the hours of toil, it *is not* within its power or province to limit the rate of wages; so that, practically "a reduction of hours is an increase of wages;" that is, a more just and equal distribution of wealth.

We are aware that this is a new political doctrine, and we are all the more gratified to know that you, Sir, have so far accepted it, as to take the high moral ground that to produce "a race of American men and women strong in both body and mind" and freed, of course, from poverty, is the final meaning of the bill to make "eight hours a days' work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics now employed, or who may be hereafter employed by or on behalf of the Government of the United States."

But it is with extreme regret that we learn that Mr. Sumner voted against the Bill. Fully aware, as he was, of the early mistakes of Senators who had to be educated into statesmanship by the gospel of Anti-Slavery, it is marvelous that he should fail to see in the labor movement another John the Baptist of a mightier political revolution than has yet sprung from the luminous democracy of Jefferson: to wit: that "all men are created equal." Like many of the finest intellects of the Nation, probably he has not studied this new mustard seed in its germ. Such, at least, must have been the case with those Senators who could think to turn away the arm of labor, on the flimsy plea of "legislative interference."

Mr. Fessenden is "opposed to regulating labor by law." Is he opposed to regulating capital and chartering corporations by special legislation? If not, the delicacy of his non-interference will be fully manifest to the American people. It is a dodge and a false issue.

It is not *interference*, but "interference with interference" that we propose; and we regard the adoption of the Eight Hour law by Congress, whatever political motives may have forwarded or retarded the measure, as a signal triumph of justice and of the genius of Liberty in America.

Yours in the interest of labor and on behalf of the Society we represent.

BRYAN J. BUTTS, President.

MARY B. STEWARD, Secretary.

LITERARY.

James Russell Lowell is engaged upon a long poem, an incident of the war.

Goethe's "Herman and Dorotha" was the only work with which he was satisfied, and yet it is one of the least read of all his productions.

Some new poems and essays of Mrs. Browning's are to be published in a single volume. They are among the productions she deemed worthy of presenting to the public during her life-time.

HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD—THE SERVANTS THE STOMACH. By Jean Macé: translated by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In these two handsomely issued volumes the usually dry subject of physiology is treated in the most admirable and attractive manner, by the French author whose books are becoming very popular in this country—they have long held a high place in France. In a series of letters to a child, he makes physiological facts perfectly comprehensible to any one old enough to read. The illustrations are exceedingly apt, and of such simplicity that to misunderstand is impossible. For instance, the body is compared to a house, in which the blood takes the part of a steward, who keeps a store of supplies for replenishing the waste of the body, and unceasingly distributes them where needed. The tongue is the doorkeeper or porter, keeping guard at the door of the mouth, who does the honors of the house agreeably to pleasant visitors, and dismisses those who are disagreeble. The palate is a curtain; the pharynx, the lobby; the epiglottis a trap-door, etc. The structure of the body is described, so that the young reader may obtain a knowledge not only of the names of each different part, but the manner of its growth and decay and the functions it performs in the economy of life. And after thus relating how the bony structure, the tendous, muscular fibres, adipose tissue and nerves are formed and placed, and what parts they respectively perform, the author gives excellent advice as to the preservation of all these parts and the whole framework in healthy action. Seventeen editions have been published in France. The American edition has been carefully compared with the latest French. It has been adopted by the University Commission of Paris as a prize book, and it has already much popularity in this country, and is destined to attain even greater favor.

THE CRUISE OF THE DASHAWAY. By May Mannering. 221 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the third volume of "the helping-hand series," by this favorite author. It is a pleasant story for children, healthy in tone, giving an account of a sea voyage on board a packet ship bound for California, where two little children, who are among the passengers, learn many new and wonderful things. One of their most interesting experiences is the discovery of a poor, half-starved slave child who secreted herself on board, to escape from a cruel master. Their tender sympathies are awakened for her protection, and they welcome her to their companionship and find enjoyment in teaching her to read. How their interests are connected with her future history, the next volume, which is now in press, will record.

UPSIDE DOWN; or WILL AND WORK. By Rosa ABBOT. 252 pages. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"Labor conquers all things," the motto we find inscribed upon this little volume, indicates the lesson which it is designed to teach. This is the fourth of the Rosa Abbott stories which have been received with such favor, and of which two more are promised to complete the series. It is neatly bound and well illustrated.

Thomas Hughes, M. P., author of *Tom. Brown's Schoolboy Days*, will write the history of the Jamaica massacre, whereby Eyre will be stereotyped in history as a murderer.

Liverpool has a new liberal paper called the *Dawn*, which sells for a half penny.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Executive Committee of the FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION wish to raise $5000 for the work of the Association the present year.

The SPECIAL object for which they desire this money is to establish in some central place in Boston a FREE READING ROOM, religious and literary in its character; a Reading Room which shall be FREE in every respect, ESPECIALLY IN THE FACT OF BEING KEPT OPEN ON SUNDAYS, which shall furnish also a place for the headquarters of the Association and be a convenient resort for social and business conference among persons interested in the general principles and objects of the Association. Donations are solicited from friends in Boston and elsewhere; and RICHARD P. HALLOWELL, 98 Federal steet, Boston, Treasurer of the Association, will receive such contributions.

7 4t WILLIAM J. POTTER, Secretary.

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THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,

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MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

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GIVEN—NOT LENT.

BY MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

Friends of faces unknown, and a land
  Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand,
With a single gold curl in the hand
  Held up to be looked at by me—

While you ask me to ponder, and say
  What a father and mother can do,
With the bright yellow locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay
  Where the violets press nearer than you.

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
  Into weak, woman's tears for relief?
Oh! children!—I never lost one—
Yet my arms round my own little son,
  And Love knows the secret of Grief.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh;
  —Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I—
And the thing which he gives, I deny
  That he ever can take back again.

He gives what he gives. I appeal—
  To all who bear babes—in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us—while torments reveal
  The motherland's advent in power.

And the babe cries!—has each of us known
  By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
  Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

He is ours, and forever. Believe,
  O father! O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means with God not to tempt or deceive
  With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He lends not; but gives to the end,
  As he loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather—amend,
  And finish it up to your dream.

So look up, friends! you, who indeed
  Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are—speed
  Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
  Then courage. 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
  To the safe place above us. Adieu.

Our Foreign Correspondence.

I.

CHELTENHAM, England, June 20th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

My Dear Sir: Leaving Rome quite suddenly for Naples, prevented me from despatching to you another letter from the former city as I intended, and being almost continually on the move ever since, I have reserved the writing of another letter until such time as I should be at the end, temporarily, of my journeyings. Here in this quiet English town, I once more take up my pen to tell you a little about my wanderings after my reluctant departure from Rome. We first went to Naples, which is reached in a day's travel from the Pope's dominions. I had heard much of the dirt and filth of that famous Italian city, but I confess to an agreeable disappointment, for under Victor Emmanuel's rule the city has made great progress and is rapidly recovering from the effects of Bourbon domination. Naples is the largest of the Italian cities, containing a million and a half of inhabitants, and its situation cannot be surpassed, stretching along, as it does, the shores of that lovely bay, the beauty of which cannot be exaggerated.

Nowhere, perhaps, can the Italian character be studied better than in Naples, for to me it seemed more truly a national city than any other one of Italy. If you walk among the fishermen mending their nets on the beach; if you enter the coral shops and notice the workers in that beautiful ornament; if you sit in the grand promenade and watch the old Neapolitan grandees, as they go swiftly by in their elegant equipages, if you stroll into a cafe to eat a genuine Neapolitan ice, in short, no matter what class of people you come in contact with or where you go, you will see in their faces the unmistakable Italian look. No mixed blood is there; they are the true children of the South. Many ancient customs are still retained in Naples. The use of donkeys is almost universal; maccaroni is still eaten to an unlimited extent, especially by the poor, and groups of workmen can daily be seen, gathered about the doors of low restaurants, with a pot of steaming maccaroni in their midst, which they eat with great gusto and in a manner decidedly unique, holding their heads back and dropping the maccaroni into their mouths, piece by piece. Another custom, and which it would be very desirable to introduce in American large cities, is the manner in which milk is supplied to the inhabitants. Cows (and splendid animals they are, too,) are driven about to every house and fresh, sweet milk is thus obtained by everybody.

Chalk and water milkmen wouldn't flourish in Naples. The principal thing to be seen in the city is the Museum, which contains most of the objects found at Pompeii. I gave as much time as possible to it, and was extremely interested in the many wonderful things exhibited. In one of the rooms devoted to objects excavated in Pompeii, is a glass case, in which is kept various articles of food, found in the private mansion of a rich Pompeian. There are nuts and raisins, figs, eggs, bread and other food, all marvelously well preserved. As for the nuts, which correspond to what are known now as English walnuts, they are wonderfully perfect; some are cracked, as if prepared for the table, and others whole, but not bruised or marred in any way; only blackened by ashes and fire, which calcined and thus kept them from crumbling. On one of the loaves of bread, the name of the baker can be distinctly seen, stamped into the dough before baking, and all the loaves have been crossed by a knife, as is often seen at the present day, for convenience in cutting. In shape the bread is very much like that baked by our own housewives.

There are besides, in the Naples Museum, very many precious stones, seal-rings, etc., from Pompeii, forming a collection at once very rich and of course unique. Some beautiful frescoes, in the light and graceful style peculiar to all the paintings discovered in the buried city, are also arranged about several rooms. Most of these frescoes were found in houses supposed to belong to the aristocracy of Pompeii, of whom Diomede was an illustrious example. Numerous statues, both in marble and bronze, bas reliefs, mosaic flooring and tables, house furniture ornamented in gold and silver, lamps and fire-irons of most odd designs, manuscripts of papyrus, and a host of petty miscellaneous articles, complete the entertaining and instructive collection of Pompeian curiosities in the Museum. Of course, after inspecting the Museum, one must go to Pompeii itself; but following the instructions of an experienced friend, I went first to the former, as it is considered a good preparation and a kind of stimulant (if I may use the word) before visiting the latter.

So the day following I went with a party of friends to see the famous city, which is arrived at by a railway going direct from Naples to Pompeii, the train taking you almost to the very gates. We started at 8 a. m., the early train, and at twenty minutes past were in the city, thus having the whole day before us, to explore and wander among its ruined streets. All along in the train a good view is obtained of Vesuvius, and everybody was gazing from the windows to see if they could discover any signs of the eruption which was then not quite finished. The mountain, however, seemed to be in a very amiable mood, smoking complacently, but nothing more. Arriving at the principal gate of Pompeii, we found a number of guides waiting to receive us. These guides, who are in the government service, are all dressed in uniform and are under the command of a captain who assigns one to each party of visitors, whom he is bound to accompany everywhere, and to give them all information about the streets, the houses, etc. We were soon off on our exploring expedition, under the guidance of a bright and intelligent young man, who informed me that he had been a guide for five years and who seemed thoroughly posted on all there was to be seen. He spoke French tolerably well, but on my addressing him in Italian, he seemed greatly pleased and we found that his descriptions after that were much more elaborate and clearer than when he spoke in French. There is not much to be seen in Pompeii itself, most of the articles of value having been transferred to Naples, and the principal interest centres in an examination of the streets and houses. A lengthened description would here be out of place, and to those who have read that charming story of Bulwer "The Last Days of Pompeii," nothing need be written, but I will venture to add a few general remarks about what I saw while there. The guide led us slowly along the deserted streets, now once more exposed to view after the lapse of seventeen centuries, pointing out here and there some building larger than the rest, supposed to have been the residences of Senators or other high officials, until at last we stopped before the "Forum." Coming along, I was struck by the appearance of the streets. The original paving-stones are yet in good condition, and the ruts worn by the wheels of passing vehicles are plainly visible.

I have already described in my letter from Rome what a Forum was, and therefore need not repeat it here. The Pompeian Forum is not as extensive as the Roman, but from the fragments of columns yet standing, must have been a handsome one. Everything in Pompeii seems to have been modelled very lightly, and with an eye to grace and beauty rather than grandeur and solidity as at Rome. In the Forum the columns were very slight, but very beautiful, and the same thing was noticeable everywhere. From the "Forum" we were conducted through the principal business street of Pompeii; we were shown the shops of the money-changers, the baker's shop from which came the loaves carried to the Museum, the ovens where they were baked, the wine-shops and the cellars where the wine was stored, a barber's shop and sundry others, and then, suddenly turning, our guide led us into the largest house in Pompeii, called the "House of the Fawn" from a beautiful statue of a fawn found in the open court. I should add that all the Pompeian houses were of only one story (as was natural in a city exposed to volcanic shocks) but extending through a long distance and containing—at least all those belonging to the upper classes—very many rooms.

All such houses had in the middle an open court, in which generally there was a fountain. Nearly all the rooms, particularly the dining and the drawing-rooms, led into this court. Our guide afterwards took us to see several temples, one to Venus and another dedicated to Isis, and then we went along one of the fashionable streets, where the Senators lived, and the guide directed our attention to some of the houses where can be still seen fragments of mural paintings and frescoes, yet beautiful and with the colors seemingly fresh, after being buried for seventeen hundred years! Amongst others we had pointed out to us the so-called "Villa of Diomedes." In the cellars under this villa several skeletons were found, and in the right hand of one was clutched a bag of gold, while in the left it held a key. This skeleton is thought to be Diomedes himself. We were then shown the amphitheatre, and we finished our examination of Pompeii by a walk through the street of the Tombs, pausing on our way to look into a house where are preserved several skeletons, including two recently discovered. They are all in the position in which death overtook them. One, that of a man, has one arm bent over his face, as if to shut out from his eyes the impending destruction; another is curved, as if the person had been stooping at the moment. Arriving at the end of the "Street of the Tombs," we were told by our guide that he could show us no more, for we had traversed every street. He invited us to enter a house which serves as an office, where we rested, and where the guides keep collections of photographs and stereoscopic views which they endeavor to sell to the visitors. These views, however, are badly executed and therefore meet with few purchasers. People buy them more to recompense the guides than anything else. Bidding our guide adieu, we wended our way to the gates, and made a path through a crowd of impudent coachmen, who insisted that they could drive us back to Naples in twenty minutes, (N. B. It takes *thirty* by railway). The train soon came along, and by five o'clock we were in town again. As we slowly moved away from the station, the scene was strikingly beautiful and one long to be remembered. Just behind us lay Pompeii, on the right was Vesuvius, with a column of white smoke curling upward from its cone, on the left rippled the deep, blue waters of the bay, while far away in front was the city of Naples, looking in the distance like a confused mass of little white huts, strewn along the shore of the bay. Our brief visit to Pompeii will long be cherished in my memory as one of the brightest souvenirs of European travel, for I have never spent hours more profitably or more agreeably.

The next day, we went to Sorrento, a name rendered familiar to American ears by Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento." The traveler goes thither by railway as far as Castellamarre, and then by carriage to Sorrento. The road from Castellamarre surpasses all description, and I dare assert that a more charming drive, combining as it does, the beauties of both mountain and ocean scenery, does not exist in Europe. In fact, it is that drive which makes Sorrento worth going to, for when you are in the village itself, there is nothing to be seen but donkeys, old women, and a few dirty shops, while there is but one point from which a fine view can be obtained. But during the drive there is nothing but a succession of beautiful views, continually changing, and as you near Sorrento, the road, which up to this time, has curved in and out along the mountain-side, high up above, but yet always overlooking the bay, suddenly turns about and you enjoy for a moment the loveliest view of all; the bay, the islands, Vesuvius, Naples, Castellamarre and Sorrento itself, are all comprised in one grand and magnificent *coup d'veil*. From that point a long grove of orange trees commences, and you drive along, inhaling their fragrance, until you find your carriage bumping over the stones of the main street in Sorrento.

The day following, we drove to Bahia, another village in the environs of Naples, said to have been a favorite summer resort of wealthy Romans, who used to run down from Rome during the summer, probably in very much the same manner as New Yorkers now-a-days go to Newport and Saratoga. Cicero is reported to have had a villa here, and its ruins are now shown to strangers. The great poet certainly showed himself possessed of good taste, for a better situation for a summer retreat than Bahia could not be selected. It has a little bay of its own, which in ancient times was considered superior to that of Naples.

A visit to Vesuvius I did not undertake, being persuaded by veteran travelers that it was not at all necessary, and at the present time attended with great danger.

Before leaving Naples, however, I had an opportunity to see something of the eruption, for on Sunday afternoon, 19th April, it was quite active, and towards evening, flames and shooting stones could be distinctly seen from any elevated point of the city. I happened at the time to be visiting the convent of San Martino, which is on a height near Naples and commands the finest view of the bay and environs, so that I saw the mountain to great advantage.

Leaving Naples, we returned to Florence, passing through Rome, where we spent a day for the sake of *Auld Lang Syne*. We found Florence all bustle and excitement, the whole population being busily engaged in preparing for the reception of Prince Humbert, the Crown Prince, and his bride the Princess Marguerita, who were expected to make their triumphant entree in Florence, immediately after their marriage in Turin.

Although greatly pressed for time, having to be in England by a certain date, we were nevertheless tempted to remain a few days in Florence, in order to witness at least the entree, which everybody declared would be a grand affair. The days yet remaining before the 30th of April, the appointed day, I devoted to rambles about the city, to see what was being done by way of decoration, etc. The Florentines were doing their very best; triumphal arches, banks of flowers, festoons and streamers, were visible everywhere. Over the Arno, an artificial bridge was constructed, intended for a grand display of fireworks, and all along the river banks and across the arches of the bridges, gas jets and lamps were being placed for the illumination. Everything gave promise of a most beautiful display. The morning of the 30th was all that could be desired; there was not a cloud in the sky, (there seldom is in Italy) and if it was uncomfortably hot, the Florentines didn't mind it, for they are accustomed to such weather. As I walked over the Ponte Trinita to take up a position which I had selected the previous day in the principal street, (the Tornabuoni) I could estimate from the number of people already moving about, what a crowd might be expected when the Prince and Princess should reach that point. At about noon the Royal cortege turned into the Via Tornabuoni. As the shill notes of trumpets and the music of the bands gave notice of its approach, I prepared myself to see a splendid affair, for I had been assured by the "knowing ones" that it would be *magnifico*. I regret to say that it was, on the contrary, quite exactly the opposite. First came a detachment of dragoons in rather tawdry uniforms, then the carriage containing Prince Humbert and the Princess Marguerita, then one or two other simpler carriages, some more awkward-looking horsemen, and that was all. The long procession of carriages was, not there, nor yet the dashing squadrons of cavalry so eloquently described by the newspapers. Neither did King Victor Emmanuel appear in the cortege. The crowds of people didn't cheer, but some clapped their hands. Prince Humbert seemed to act in a very sulky manner and looked straight in front of him, not acknowledging at all the salutations of the crowd; but the Princess, who is a charming young creature of sixteen, bowed repeatedly on either side. Her conduct was, to say the least, more politic than that of her august husband, who has not increased the nation's love towards him since his marriage. Rumor tells many dark stories about Prince Humbert, but you know we are not supposed to believe any of them.

The illumination the same evening was a great success, the city presenting a most brilliant appearance, and the arrangement of lights, particularly those about the bridges and the river, were very complete. Several immense barges, prettily illuminated with many-colored lanterns, and having bands of music on board, were floated slowly down the river, and the strains of music wafted over the water added much to the general effect.

Around the domes or towers of all the churches were hung thousands of little lanterns, and the government palaces were resplendent with gas jets, arranged in curious forms and devices, in admirable contrast to the grim and sombre Florentine architecture. Altogether, the illumination is said to have been the best ever attempted in Florence. The fetes consequent upon the reception of the Royal couple lasted seven days, and included a regatta, a tournament, display of fireworks, etc., but we did not stay to witness them, as the next evening we left for Venice.

THE "IFS" OF HISTORY.

There is a kind of speculation to which writers of the inferior class are specially prone, but which has some charms even for the most philosophical writers. If something had happened which didn't happen, what would have happened afterwards? Of course, no one can say positively, and therefore no one should waste much time in inquiring. Yet, in looking back upon the course of history, it is impossible not to dwell for a moment upon some of the more important crises, and to remark how small a difference might have made an incalculable change. We know the usual sayings about the decisive battles of the world. If Themistocles had lost the battle of Salamis, if Hasdrubal had won the battle of the Metaurus, if Charles Martel had been beaten by the Saracens, would not the subsequent history of Europe and the world have been altered, and a great many fine philosophical theories been destroyed before their birth? It is easy for Comte or Buckle to talk about inevitable laws of historical evolution, and to prove that that which has actually occurred, could not but have occurred. But if it is true that a different event to any one of these, or innumerable other battles, might have changed all succeeding ages, and if the event of a battle might have been decided by a chance blow or by the illness of one commander, we cannot deny that history might have been upset if a single arrow had been sharper, or if a single General had had a fit of indigestion.

* * * * * * *

When Canute rebuked his courtiers he happened to select a time at which the tide was rising. If, by a little management, they had induced him to give the order just as the tide turned, they might perhaps have persuaded him that his order was the cause of the change. A good many historical heroes seem to have been Canutes who issued their commands precisely at the turn of the tide, and historical writers have been crying out ever since that, if it had not been for this marvelous Canute, the tide would have swelled until the whole country had been ingulfed. The analogy is, of course, imperfect; for the historical tide is really affected in some degree by the hero who opposes its progress at the proper moment, only he has a wonderful advantage if he happens to strike just at the fortunate epoch.—*Saturday Review.*

REMEMBRANCE.

BY EMILY BRONTE.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

Montaigne.—Montaigne comes in for a good share of the scholar's regard, and if he wear sometimes a cynical and scolding mood, he tells the secrets of common hearts, which none can afford to spare. Opened anywhere, his page is sensible, marrowy, quotable. He may be taken up too, and laid aside carelessly without loss, so inconsequent is his method, and he so careless of his wealth. Professing nature and honesty of speech, his page has the suggestions of the landscape, is good for striking out in any direction, suited to any mood, sure of yielding variety of information, wit, entertainment—not to be commended, to be sure, without grave abatements to be read with good things growing side by side with things not such and tasting of the apple. Still, with every abatement, his book is one of the ripest and mellowest, and, bulky as it is, we wish there were more of it. He seems almost the only author whose success warrants in every stroke of his pen his right to guide it; he of the men of letters, the prince of letters. Since writing of life, he omits nothing of its substance, writing all with a courage unprecedented. His frankness is delightfully instructive to the student of the heart. So his book has indescribable attractions to the natural man, being as it were a private book—his diary edited by himself, and offered with an honesty that wins his readers, he never having done bestowing his opulent hospitalities on him, gossipping sagely, and casting his wisdom in sport to any who care for it. Everywhere his page is alive and rewarding, and we are disappointed at finding his book comes to an end like other books.—*A. Bronson Alcott, in the Radical for April.*

Curtis on Charles Dickens.—The feeling with which the author is scrutinized is the homage of the heart to great genius greatly used. His stories are pleas for humanity. They are protests against popular and traditional wrongs. They sympathize with struggling poverty, with the outcast, and neglected, and forlorn. They cherish the simple virtues that sweeten life like sunshine. Taey deal tremendous blows at hoary iniquity. Every schoolkeeping tyrant and miser in England winced when Nicholas Nickleby came, and scores of them cried out, "It isn't I!" And how many and many and many a kinder word has been spoken, and loving look given, and generous deed done, because of this man's written words! The pathos, the humor, the analysis, the insight, the experience, the power—these are noble gifts and qualities, and he shares them with others. But what other series of stories in any literature is so prodigious and various and efficient an illustration and enforcement of the essential precept of Christianity—"Love one another?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Annual Cost of a Nation's Liquor.—The New York *Examiner* has compiled a curious table, comparing the cost of liquors sold by retail in this country during one year. Mr. Wells, in his report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1867, shows that the cost of liquor to the consumers, that is the value of the retail liquor trade, "as deduced from the receipts of internal revenue," reaches the sum of $1,483,491,865, that is, forty-three dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. It is more than one-eighth of the entire annual sales of the merchandise of the country, more than the entire product of the precious metals from all that region west of the Rocky Mountain for twenty years, which is estimated by J. Ross Browne at $1,165,000,000. It is nearly ten times the value of all the church property of the United States, given in 1850 by the census as $171,398,532. It is more than one-half the national debt.

The First Models were figures of living persons. Dibutates was the inventor of those made of clay. His daughter, known as the Maid of Corinth, about to be separated from her lover, who was going a long journey, traced his profile by his shadow on the wall. Her father filled up the outline with clay which he afterwards baked. Thus it was that he produced a figure of the object of her affection, and at the same time gave rise to an art till then unknown. This took place about nine hundred and eighty-five years before Christ.

The Prayer of Socrates.—O Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with those within.

May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ.

Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough.—*Prayers of the Ages.*

Identity of Substances in the Three Kingdoms.—It is not thirty years since the presence of ammonia in the products of the distillation of coal was considered very curious, because nitrogen was thought to be the characteristic of animal substances. Gradually, year by year, each substance that has been thought to be the property of the vegitable world, has been found to occur in animals. Thus, sugar, starch, woody fibre, vegitable coloring matter, as indigo, albumin, &c., &c., are common in animals and vegitables, and at length we have arrived at the fact that no distinction can be drawn between the kingdoms of nature.

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